The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 123. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING MARCH 11TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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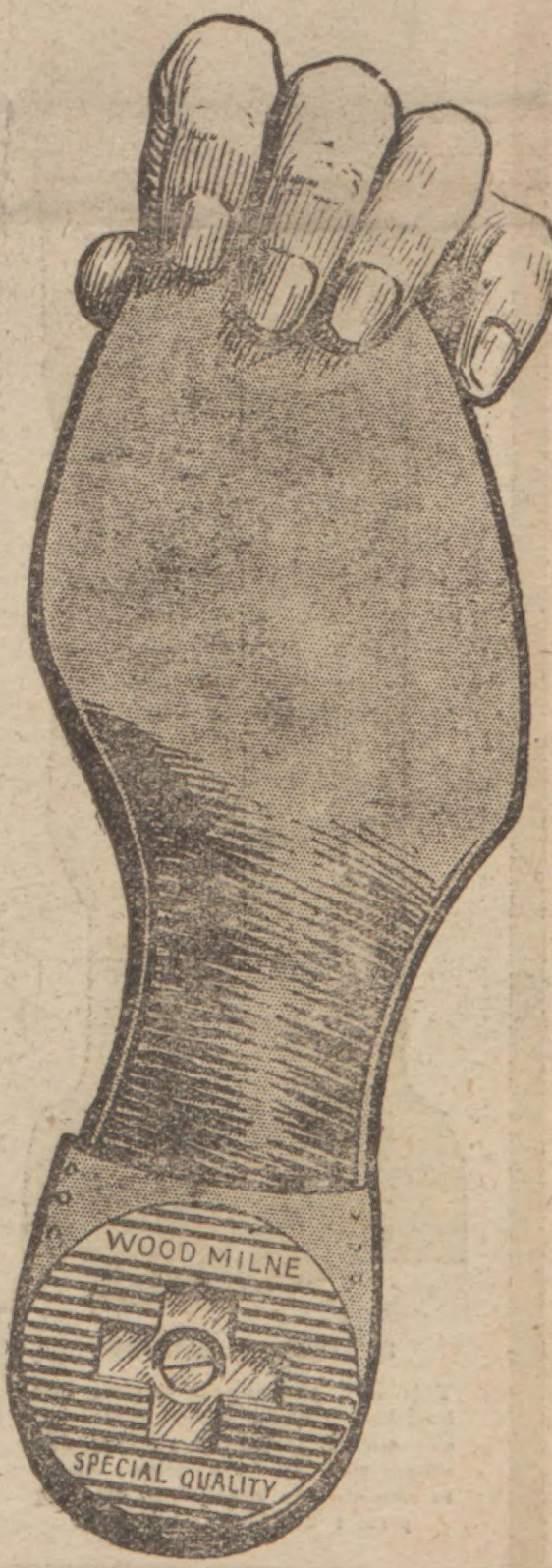

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THIS AMAZING OFFER

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*** Please cross out sizes not required.**

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 123. WEEK ENDING MARCH 11TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

AUSTRALIAN FOOTBALL.

HOW IT DIFFERS FROM OUR STYLE.

Australians, of course, play Rugby, and play it jolly well; but the original, though not aboriginal, Australian football game still holds its own, more especially in and about Melbourne.

It is a great sport, and provides the fastest and cleanest football in the world.

The teams are not more than twenty aside. And the players, with the exception of the four "followers" and the solitary "rover" on each side, are grouped together in pairs, something after the manner of lacrosse.

The ball can only be passed by kicking it from one man to another, but at the same time it may be handled, and, indeed, a great part of the game consists in catching the ball before it touches the ground, so as to claim a mark from which a free kick at goal is allowed.

A player may run with the ball, but, if he do so, he must bounce it on the ground at least once in every seven yards.

There are no "scrums," and a player is tackled whenever an opponent puts his hand or hands on him while he is in possession of the ball, and the moment a man is tackled he must drop the ball.

The goal-posts are seven yards apart, and are deemed to be unlimited in height. A goal is scored whenever the ball is kicked between the posts, no matter at what height, provided that certain technical rules, too complicated to explain here, have not been broken.

The play is controlled by a field umpire, who is usually a paid official, appointed by the Football Board, and two goal judges.

The field umpire has very drastic powers. If his decision is disputed, for example, he has power to stop the game and to award the match to the other side.

He has also power to penalise a man or side for breaking the spirit of the game by deliberately kicking into touch, or anything approaching unsportsmanlike play.

Owing to the absence of "scrumming," touch-kicking, and tackling a man so as to bring him down, the game is tremendously fast, and a greater test of stamina than any other form of football.

Four "twenty-fives" are usually played, and, with intervals, a game will last two hours.

Rugby in Britain is becoming more and more popular, and it may be that if some of the Australian elements were adopted in connection with the British game, it would rival Soccer, which, at present, is unquestionably the more popular form of football.

B. A. SUTTON-WINTER.

CHEEK.

"London May Hold Peter the Painter" runs a heading. On the other hand it may not. Anyway it has hardly got a grip of him yet.

* * *

The sense of the fitness of things is spreading to dogs. Lady G. Churchill's dog has returned after a month's absence. His name is "Beno." Good dog! Lie down now, and wait till you feel like it again.

* * *

There is as much outcry because taxis are hard to get after the theatre as there is over the taxes one cannot avoid when inside the theatre.

* * *

Grave fears are entertained for Edison the inventor. He has begun to give advice on how to succeed.

* * *

When about to pay his taxes on one occasion he forgot his name, so a writer tells us. In view of this fact we feel inclined to withdraw the earlier reference.

* * *

Mem.: Try it on next quarter day.

* * *

Rooks, says a correspondent, are building their nests in the trees of Gray's Inn, where the lawyers are. Great thieves, these rooks!

* * *

Who said "Birds of a feather—"?

* * *

A contractor has just been ordered to pay £420 because one of his wagons collided with a motor-car and smashed it. An "upset price," in fact.

* * *

The Generous Wife.—A woman suing her husband the other day said that all the furniture in the house was her own—"except what was in the two unfurnished rooms." It is far better to give, &c.

* * *

A fine spirit of brotherly love and toleration breathed through the utterances of Judge Gye the other day when discussing Mormonism. It was a "creepy disease" he said.

* * *

Another speaker said he would lead a body of men to kick the Mormon leaders out of the city if they returned to Winchester. This is the right sort of muscular Christianity.

* * *

More power to their elbow—or rather their toe, is the fervent wish of

"TOUCHANGO."

REJECTED RECRUITS.

WHY THEY WERE TURNED DOWN.

According to the newly-issued Report on the Health of the Army for 1909, over 15,000 out of a little over 50,000 recruits presenting themselves for examination were rejected by the doctors.

The chief causes of rejection were:

1. Under chest measurement, 5.8 per cent.
2. Loss and decay of many teeth, 5.4 per cent.
3. Diseases of the heart, 3.3 per cent.
4. Defective vision, 1.8 per cent.
5. Defects of lower extremities from fractures, &c., 1.6 per cent.
6. Varicocele, 1.5 per cent.
7. Diseases of veins, 1.2 per cent.
8. Under height, 1.1 per cent.

The greatest increase on preceding years has been in diseases of the heart, on which point the following significant remarks are made by the Director-General, Medical Division, War Office:

"In former years the high rate of invaliding for heart affections (N.B.—This refers to recruits who become unfit within three months of enlistment, but doubtless applies also to would-be recruits) was, rightly or wrongly, largely attributed to an unsuitable and injurious system of gymnastic training.

"There is now a fairly general consensus of opinion amongst medical inspectors of recruits that, of the lads who are discharged medically unfit within three months of enlistment for such diseases, practically in all cases the smoking of cheap and injurious cigarettes to excess is the *fons et origo* of the disability, and not the present system of physical training."

Rejections for bad teeth and poor chest measurement also show an increase.

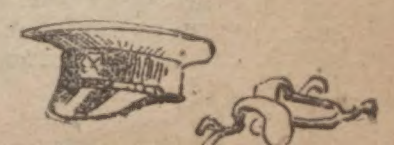
The moral of these statistics is that physical culture and hygiene are not sufficiently taught and encouraged in the Board Schools from which recruits are chiefly drawn.

It would be a good thing if the lads of the nation were taught less about "ologies" and "isms" and more about the gospel of a sound, clean mind in a sound, clean body, so ably preached by THE MODERN MAN.

One might even go further and say that our present system of education, good as it is, might be entirely revised with advantage to the nation.

In these days youngsters are crammed with learning, and all they retain of it is but a little, which, as the poet says, is a dangerous thing. Would it not be better to teach our boys useful trades, and to leave dead languages and the higher mathematics to University professors?

G. BOWLER.



RUGBY MEN

SOME TYPES OF TO-DAY.

At one time, say twenty years ago, you could generally "spot" the Rugby forward, more particularly the English "scrum" man.

He was a large, beefy man, almost as broad as he was long, which was some five foot eight or ten inches, and often he was of a pugilistic cast of countenance.

Yet withal a good-humoured "pug," as most bruisers are, and easily amused. The football dinner that began with pelting the waiters with oranges and nuts, and ended with being chucked from the "Pav." was his ideal of earthly bliss.

On the field he was splendid, but elephantine, or, rather, as he lacked that quadruped's intelligence, something of a bullock.

He put his bullet-head down and shoved, until superior intelligence in the person of the half-back told him to let up.

THE OLD STYLE OF FORWARD.

He was a hearty, blundering person, devoid of guile, and of an endurance amazing.

The Scotsmen and the Irishmen, then as now, ran more to length and bone, but they too were chosen chiefly for weight and an infinite capacity for being amused with a game in which they rarely if ever touched the ball.

The Welshmen, small and wiry, were then of no account.

To-day, the Rugby forward is of no distinctive type. You get him in all sizes and shapes, save that the fat man is a thing of the past.

Comparatively weak men, who formerly were put behind the scrum as a matter of course, now shine in it, their extra "devil" compensating for their lack of weight. The Welshmen have shown how they can push an eight, stones heavier, all over the field, and get the ball from them every time.

WEIGHT IN THE THREE-QUARTER LINE.

Conversely, weight has to some extent been transferred to the three-quarter line. Take Mr. "John" Birkett, for example—in the old days they would have put him in the scrum for a gilt-edged certainty.

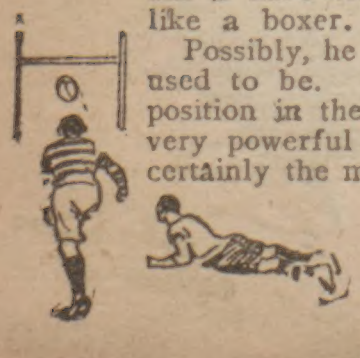
The explanation, of course, is that in the old days forwards did little or no tackling, that was left to the backs; but nowadays forwards must be able to tackle as well as to push, and they also have to be tackled by the backs, so that the three-quarter, more especially the centre three-quarter, has to be a strong man in order to stand the knocking about he gets from the opposing forwards, and to be able to "down" them when they get going in one of those forward passing or dribbling rushes which are a feature of modern "Rugger."

Of course, there have been and are great little centres like Gwyn Nicholls, and light, speedy wingers are more than ever in demand, but the modern three-quarter tends to run more to strength than he did.

BORN, NOT MADE.

The half-back is certainly born to the position. He is rarely over middle-height, often below it. Short, stocky, sometimes a trifle bow-legged, so that he is firm on his pins, and can twist and turn without slipping up, he is the "Puck" of the game, here, there, and everywhere, a mocking, elusive sprite, who uses his head even more than his hands or feet. You can generally tell him, for he has a hard-bitten air, and walks on his toes like a boxer.

Possibly, he is not so tough and strong as he used to be. The old-timer had the hardest position in the field, and, for his size, was a very powerful man, but the modern half, or certainly the modern stand-off half, is a wheel



in a passing machine, and is sometimes on the fragile side. With all respect to a great player, I doubt whether Mr. Adrian Stoop would have shone in Rugby of the "eighties."

The full-back is much as he used to be, except that he has now got to be fast, whereas formerly he was usually the slowest man behind the pack.

THE BULLDOG TYPE.

If Rugby types are not so distinctive as they were, there are still outstanding ones. There is the silent, bulldog kind of forward. He never "gives tongue." The referee may make "bloomer" after "bloomer," the tide of fortune may swim strongly against him, but he is ever mute. He does not talk during a game, nor after it. You might think him indifferent to football, but he has a deep-seated passion for it. He "eats" the game. Tireless, tongueless, relentless, he is a tower of strength to any side.

There is the excitable forward, to be found mainly on an Irish side. Six foot two in his socks, with the bones of a prehistoric animal, and the fire of a live volcano, he is a devil of a chap to run up against. He goes more for the man than the ball, and when he puts you down you know all about it, or sometimes you don't, for you are away in a misty oblivion.

Occasionally he loses his temper, but nobody minds, for everybody knows that he doesn't really mean it.

ADONIS IN THE FIELD.

Adonis is sometimes to be found in the three-quarter line, a handsome, dark-moustached fellow, who for all his seeming nonchalance and dandyism is a good 'un to go, and a bad 'un to stop.

My own, especial delight, however, is the bald-headed player. He seems to make up for what he lacks of hair in energy. Doubtless his shining pate helps to make him prominent, but he is a trier all the time, and deservedly popular with the crowd and his fellow-players.

The Rugby man is, as a rule, a genial person, the sort of man women and children take to instinctively. Of course, you occasionally run against a rotter, but nine times out of ten your Rugby man is a jolly good chap.

At least there is no namby-pambyism about him, for if there is one game in the world that is a man's game through and through, it is Rugby football.

Scientific as the game has become, it is still intensely virile. To play Rugby well a man must be master of himself, and that is why Rugby is the finest game in the world for gentlemen, for is not self-control the essence of good breeding and true manliness?

"MERCHISTONIAN."

WHEN GOING TO THE DENTIST.

THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW.

It is highly important, should you find it necessary to consult a dentist, that you should go to a first-class man, and the law regulating dental practice is so complicated and chaotic that people often go to dangerous quacks under the impression that they are dealing with a responsible and properly-qualified practitioner.

Not that I mean to imply that all unqualified dentists are incompetent rascals. Far from it, many of them are honest, capable men, and if a man chooses to go to an unqualified dentist, knowing that he is unqualified, that is his own look-out. The public, however, often go to unqualified men when they would not do so if they knew their position, and the following information may be useful.

Any unqualified person may practise dentistry in every and any branch provided that he does not take the title of "dentist," either by itself, or in combination with other words, *e.g.*, "surgeon dentist," "dental practitioner," "dental surgeon," or imply that he is a person specially qualified and entitled to be registered under the Dentists' Act.

Therefore, if a person practising dentistry does not describe himself as "dentist," &c., you may be pretty sure that he is unqualified, even if he calls his place of business a "dental surgery," for he is entitled to do that.

Impostors, however, sometimes risk the £20 penalty and take forbidden titles, and so, to "mak siccar" as the Scotch say, you should consult the dentists' register and see whether your man's name appears therein.

But what is so confusing to the public is the fact that all registered dentists are not necessarily qualified by examination.

In 1878 dentistry was raised to the dignity of a regular profession, and a register was created, admission to which now is only to be gained by the production of recognised qualifications.

As an act of justice, however, to men already engaged in practice in 1878, they were admitted to the register without examination, and, on making a declaration that they had been engaged in a bona-fide practice in or before 1878, and for some years afterwards, unqualified men continued to be admitted to the register on making this declaration.

Thus out of roughly 5,000 registered dentists about one-third to-day are "ante-1878 men," that is, are not necessarily qualified by examination.

Therefore, the practitioner who simply describes himself as "dentist," or "surgeon-dentist," or as Mr. So-and-So, *R.D.S.* (registered dental surgeon), is probably an ante-1878 man.

To secure the services, then, of a registered dentist who is also qualified by examination, you must look round for one who holds a recognised dental degree.

The usual one is L.D.S.—Licentiate in Dental Surgery—of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Ireland, &c.

Of course, no degree is an absolute guarantee of competence, but the L.D.S. has passed severe tests of knowledge and skill, and is under the jurisdiction and discipline of the General Medical Council, so that if he is guilty of malpractices or professional misconduct, you have a hold on him which you have not in the case of the unregistered man.

Advertising by registered dentists is absolutely forbidden, but first-rate men do not advertise in any shape or form whatsoever.

The great majority of advertising dentists are unqualified, and many of them are quacks of a dangerous description, ignorant, brutal, and given to every species of fraud.

C. J. FLETCHER.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

CAPTAIN WAIN'S SALE

By

C. J. NEWTON.

If ever you "fetch up at Lorany Cove" (as the natives have it), and like a wise man, come to anchor finally in the bar of the "Net-mender's Arms" (which is closer to the sea than any other licensed house in England), you will not fail to observe among the little boats in the offing, one mournful-looking boy riding at anchor near in shore.

She has weathered many rough seas between the North Foreland and the Port of London. There is not a sandbank along this water-way that her keel has not invaded. Yet, as her owner has steered through life's sea of trouble to the calm (but not dry) dock of placidity, so that gallant ship, the "Tweed," has emerged triumphant out of it all, a lasting monument to the efficient patchwork of Lorany Cove's one ship-yard. There are men in that yard who have been heard to state that not one particle of the original boat remains.

But that must be put down to boastful pride. Suffice it to say that she remains afloat and has been shy of the North Sea ever since the never-to-be-forgotten time when Captain Wain (retired) was almost lost in the Yarmouth Roads in the great gale of '81. The new bowler hat which he bought previous to the one he now wears, was blown overboard on that very occasion.

Now Captain Wain always says that he is glad he did not sell the "Tweed."

But well do I remember the night in the "Net-mender's Arms" when, after carefully sucking the lemon, which was all that remained when his customary fifth gulp had exhausted the hot rum, he said slowly: "The 'Tweed' is for sale!"

Captain Wain had not a wife, but had he been a Benedick, the substitution of "my wife" for the "Tweed" would have left us cold in comparison.

Under the then existing circumstances he had a long-suffering brother, called John Henry, with whom he lived and whose personality was paled in the fierce light of the metaphorical *aurora borealis* that encircled Captain Wain. Had he said "John Henry is for sale" (thus offering to dispose of his sole support on occasions when he had been induced to drink beer on top of the tenth hot rum) we should have been less shocked.

We had grown to look on the "Tweed" as quite as much to Captain Wain as the mill was to the Miller of the Dee, namely, "sister, child, and wife."

And now it was for sale!

Mr. Sidney, a young man whose waistcoats were growing too small for him as his rotundity increased, observed that if anyone had told him that the Captain would ever sell the "Tweed" he would have staked all the oysters and stout he hoped to partake of in the future against the truth of the statement.

We all seemed to feel it like that even to the landlord, who would as soon have believed such a thing of Captain Wain, he said, as have trusted his tobacco jar to Mr. Sidney on Sunday mornings, when that gentleman had brought his cadging pipe out and left his tobacco at home.

We could see that the announcement cost Captain Wain much—more in fact than the "Tweed" cost him, for rumour credited him with having found her adrift off Sheppey Island, her moorings having been cut by a contracted owner whom she was reputed to have driven to drink.

Money must have been short with the company at the time, for the Captain was not immediately overwhelmed with offers, as it seems he would have been, had the moneyboats of Lorany Cove been at home at that period.

The next night took me away from the "Net-mender's Arms," and I was without the Captain's edifying influence for some weeks after.

Yet, when I came back noting that nought had changed at Lorany Cove—how the artist who lived in Lorany Town because he considered it picturesque, was, as usual, drunk; how both the local solicitors were improving their practice (at snooker pool); how the District Council still persisted in refusing to accede to the five-year-old petition that they should repair the public footpaths; how the fishing season was pronounced the customary "worse than ever"—then, I say, my heart misgave me when I remembered that I was to look on a changed and desolate scene from the bar-parlour window of the "Net-mender's Arms"—in short, a seascape bereft of the "Tweed" riding at anchor.

I fell to wondering who had bought the old hulk.

And then my eyes beheld her in her customary place. The "Tweed" was still there.

I dashed into the bar-parlour that I might gloat publicly over the circumstance. And it was Captain Liverpool (as fat, as good-hearted, as magnificent a captain as ever steered anything that pushed along in front of two screws), who, after insisting on steeping the whole bar in refreshment, proceeded to give me details of the preservation of the homely appearance of the seaward view from the bar of the "Net-mender's Arms."

"You could see," he said, "that at the first, Captain Wain fair took it to heart. But the influence of John Henry, whose department in the Captain's household is the Sage Advice Department (you should hear how he tells the Captain about the evil influence of too much Nelson's blood, hot), came out on top. He pointed out to the Captain one morning (when he was clearing away the breakfast) that the 'Tweed' as it stood was as much a waste as the backbones of the three kippers that were hove to by the side of his plate. The Captain pondered on this an' smoked an' thought about it in the easy chair for half an hour. After that he went upstairs to John Henry (who was makin' the beds) and said as how he thought his advice was correct. The money in the bank gainin' interest, he said, would be better than the 'Tweed' layin' like a painted ship upon a painted ocean. That decided it. An' the same night—well, you know how the Cap'n spoke to us."

Mr. Sidney placed the last shell of five dozen oysters back on the big dish with a sigh.

"You should have seen the Captain that night," he went on mournfully. "By eleven o'clock he was weeping like Mrs. Mugwump after a gin-crawl. You went home early, didn't you? Ah, but you should have seen the Captain after the landlord chucked us out at eleven. He went out by the seaward door and sat out on a groyne watching the old hulk silhouetted against the moonlight."

"And we got that sentimental," said the Captain of the coastguard arranging one of his leggings, "that the landlord stood in the door thinking out reams of poetry on the subject. You wouldn't think he was taken that way, would you? Probably he cribbed it, though. He kept spouting the same verse over and over again. . . . What was it, Sidney?"

"Don't know. Something about how our hearts did bleed, parting with the good ship 'Tweed.' . . . It was a bit previous all the same. But for pure, heart-wringing sentiment, the 'Arab's farewell to his steed' was a fool to that scene. We saw the old gentleman pace up an' down just as if he was on the quarter-deck again——"

"Then I'm sorry for him," said someone. "Walking the quarter-deck of the 'Tweed' is like skating on thin ice. You never know when your foot's going through. My idea is that the only description of man likely to buy that boat is a light-weight jockey requirin' it for a honeymoon trip. . . . Yet, hang it, little men allus marries big women, so probably even *that* wouldn't do. Anyway, that deck wasn't up to the weight of anyone here present."

"The fault with you," said Mr. Sidney, "is that you haven't got a soul above your sea-boots my boy. . . . The Captain was pacing up and down just as if he was on the *thoroughly repaired* quarter-deck of the 'Tweed' again—how does that suit your pedantic taste? Every now an' then he would yell out orders to the invisible crew, so that we could see he was going through that terrible storm in the Yarmouth Roads in '81 all over again. And to make it more realistic, seeing that it was a dead calm night, someone suggested we should knock his hat off, so that, with luck, we might have the pleasure of seeing him in a new one. But we didn't. The picture of the grey-beard in his grief was too awful ——"

"Couldn't be worse than his grey head in that bowler hat," observed the cynic-without-a-soul again.

"Was too awful," Mr. Sidney continued, disregarding the interruption. "At the finish John Henry fetched him home and put him to bed. And John Henry assured us that he would himself draft out the advertisement of the 'Tweed's' sale so that the Cap'n should be saved further pain. It was inserted in one of the Shipping Gazettes, all worded very beautifully by John Henry, and the next day the Cap'n was besieged for orders to view."

Mr. Sidney finished his stout.

"It was all John Henry could do," he said after a pause, "to keep those would-be ship-buyers from slayin' the Captain after they'd viewed the 'Tweed.' They weren't charitable enough to see that love for his ship had made the Cap'n blind to her faults. . . . When the Captain came here that night he took a deal of comforting, I can tell you."

Captain Liverpool removed from his mouth a cigar that had never paid duty.

"Sidney," he went on, "is the man who took up the position of comforter-in-chief.

"'Captain,' he says to him, 'all of us here gathered together desire to place on record our heartfelt satisfaction that the dear old "Tweed" still remains an object to delight Lorany Cove. Since they've gone so far as to *think* about an up-to-date drainage scheme in the District Council,' he said, 'everybody has become sorely afraid that the old order is changing, giving place to new. The Harbour-Master

has become pleasant to skippers lately, and some of those skippers have started to stand drinks round at least once per year. In fact, it seemed when the "Tweed" was put up for sale to any buyer that the last link that connected Lorany Cove with its former self was being broken.' (Yes, you went on like a stuffed pageant master at a carnival dinner, Sidney.) 'Therefore we rejoice,' says Sidney, 'that the good ship will remain at home. It has been suggested, Cap'n Wain,' he says, 'that a syndicate might be formed to acquire the "Tweed," seeing that none of us are in a position to purchase it individually.'

"'A good idea,' says the Captain.

"'Quite so,' says Sidney. 'But Lorany Cove men aren't the sort to emphasise the monotony of existence by agreeing together for too long at a time. So that's smashed the syndicate on the head. But,' he says, 'we've all decided that a raffle is the thing to settle it. Each of the twenty gentlemen present, Captain,' he says, 'have agreed to take tickets. Are you agreeable to that?'

"'Ay, ay,' says the Captain. 'Write the word "Tweed" on one——'

"'And put 'em all into your hat,' says Sidney; 'if you don't think the weight'll be too much.'

"'Hold on a shake,' says the Captain, 'how much each are these tickets to be?'

"'Well,' says Sidney, 'if you were a stranger we should try to beat you down. But,' he says, 'in this instance we are going to offer fair value for the "Tweed." . . . I'm no good at big sums in arithmetic, Captain,' he says, 'but you can add it all up as I hand it to you.'

"Then he turned to the company.

"'Come on, boys,' he said. 'Don't let's waste any time over this matter. One and threepence each, please,' he says, 'and you are requested to pay cash to save mistakes.'

"The Captain," the bluff Liverpool concluded, "sat up and took a little beef-tea yesterday. John Henry held the spoon."

POCKETS OR CASH-BOX?

WHERE SHOULD A MAN KEEP HIS PRIVATE PAPERS?

I suppose every man, as he assumes more and more responsibilities in life, both in relation to others and on his own account, accumulates a number of papers and letters and documents that cannot be read and then thrown on the fire.

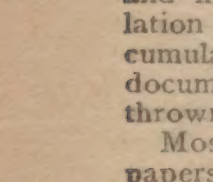
Most of us carry all sorts of important papers about with us from a variety of reasons. Few men who are living in diggings care to trust their private papers to the ancient locks and keys that the average lodging-house contains. And as one's own trunks or bags are not made with other than the ordinary fastenings, it is usually considered advisable to carry papers, not intended for any but your own perusal, in the pockets.

This habit, prevalent with many men, is not always satisfactory. A man does not always wear the same jacket, and, in changing, he often forgets to change over the contents of the pockets.

To save all this risk every man should, when he is living "on his own," possess some sort of safe depository for the private papers he wishes to keep, for jewellery he does not often wear, and for such other things of intrinsic or personal value as most men accumulate.

For this purpose a good-sized cash-box with something better than the ordinary simple toy lock, is the best thing. It can be packed in a bag easily, and is not so cumbersome as a full-blown dispatch-box. But let the miniature "safe" be a good one and fireproof, or the risks of loss are increased tenfold.

H. LESLIE.



Keeping His Majesty's Uniform

SOME USEFUL TIPS ON SMARTNESS.

Every man who has the right to wear the King's uniform is naturally proud to wear it, but it is only fair to remember that when he is doing so, he has the honour of that uniform at stake.

I remember a fine old Sergeant-Major who used to say to the raw recruits whom he was licking into shape, "Never take your uniform where you would not take your sister."

But if you are a member of His Majesty's forces, you owe it to your King, your uniform, and to other wearers of it to keep it as smart as possible and to put it on properly.

The man who turns out in uncleaned boots, dull buttons and unbrushed clothes is not likely to make a good soldier when it comes to actual fighting, and the regiment that tolerates him is not worth much.

The cleaning kit that every man should possess is neither extensive nor expensive. It consists of a supply of rags, a leather, brown polish, a button stick, a good metal polish (a mixture of French chalk and oxalic acid will serve the purpose), a cleaning brush, and a piece of bath-brick. These are all that are absolutely necessary, but a metal burnisher, a piece of heelball and a bone for polishing leather, and some pipeclay (if your uniform is such as requires it) may well be added.

THE REASON.

Well-polished buttons give a finish to the appearance in any kit, and the button stick is necessary to protect the cloth from being soiled. I have often heard men ask why military buttons should not be made of gilding metal (as all officers' buttons are except on the service kit), but apart from any question of expense, an army that went into the field with shining buttons would be playing into the hands of the enemy. The buttons are so con rived as to assume the dull colour of the service jacket when not cleaned.

Any good metal-cleaning powder or paste will serve to brighten up the ground-work of the button, and when it is dry it should be dabbed over with a small muslin bag full of powdered chalk, and finished off with a brush.

Collar badges and shoulder badges can be cleaned in the same way, but are best removed from the coat for the purpose.

The appearance of puttees depends very much on the way they are put on, and only an experienced hand can show you the correct method. But they require some attention when the uniform is being overhauled.

PUTTEE TIPS.

If frayed at the edges they must be trimmed with a pair of scissors. If they require brushing this should be done before taking them off, or when putting them on again. It can only be done effectively when they are on the legs.

Always roll the puttees up as you take them off, doubling up the tape inside and rolling them inside out so as to be ready to put on again. If you are not likely to wear them again for some time it will keep them better in shape if you roll them tightly, so that the tape comes outside, and fasten them with this.

The Territorial, who wears his uniform only occasionally, has less excuse than his Regular brother-in-arms for not turning out smart on parade. His kit gets the necessary rest between each drill and he has time to devote to it.

A week or two in a trouser press or under a mattress will do much to add to the smartness of a pair of overalls or full-dress trousers.

A uniform, to be smart, must fit. The Government tailors do not always recognise this fact, but if you are supplied with a uniform of which the fit leaves something to be desired, there is nothing to prevent your taking it to your own tailor to be put right.

Moreover, the uniform must be put on properly, and all the straps and buckles properly adjusted. The recruit cannot do better than enlist the help of some N.C.O. who will willingly put him up to the ropes for the honour of the company or squadron. Thus he will be saved from turning out with haversack, water-bottle and bandolier slung over the wrong shoulder, or with spurs on the wrong feet, or belt upside down.

The latter fault is a common one in corps whose belt is fastened with an ordinary buckle. The end of the strap should always point to the left.

The peaked cap, which is now almost universal in the Service, both with the khaki kit and the walking-out kit, is not in itself a very smart form of headgear. But it is easily made so by the insertion of a metal stiffener in front.

These can be obtained from any military outfitter for a few pence, and are stuck in the band of the cap inside, so as to stretch the loose cloth just above the badge and prevent the ugly creases that spoil the appearance of a cap that is not fitted with one.

M. H. ALLAN.

FRAMING PICTURES.

AN ECONOMICAL PLAN.

The sportsman who accumulates a number of pictures, unframed, is sometimes puzzled to know how to get them suitably framed at a moderate cost.

It is not always the man who does picture-framing and nothing else who puts the best work into them. Many a jobbing carpenter or joiner is as good at this work as the framer who runs a framing business, and he is worth a trial.

I lately collected over twenty pictures of various kinds, and wanted them framed.

The quality of material which the man in the shop would have given me for the money I wanted to pay was not as good as that offered by the man with a small carpenter's shop. This man got my order.

It would have been inconvenient for me to have paid a lump sum down to the professional framer, so I made a friendly arrangement with the joiner. He was to do the work in his spare time, but was to undertake to let me have three pictures each week. For these I was to pay as they were ready.

In about six weeks I had received all the pictures back again; I had paid for them without feeling the cost to any extent, as it was spread over six weeks; and I had had the great pleasure of watching the walls of my diggings gradually covered with all my old favourites.

The mere work of arranging them gave me intense pleasure for several evenings; and I can recommend the idea to any reader who contemplates framing his pictures.

The carpenter is put upon his mettle, and does his best to prove that he is as skilful as the picture-framer, and usually he is much cheaper.

C. BOLTON.

WOMEN AT PRIZE FIGHTS

FOR AND AGAINST THEIR PRESENCE.

Recent prize fights at Olympia have been witnessed by a considerable number of women over one hundred having been there on one occasion. (N.B.—The term "prize fight" is not used offensively, but merely as a convenient way of distinguishing between the professional boxing contest for a money prize and the amateur bout where a cup, medal, or title is the sole inducement offered.)

Women at prize fights are certainly a novelty in England. Even in America, where woman rules or is supposed to rule the roast, when women attend such contests they usually do so under cover of closely-curtained boxes or disguised as men.

At Olympia, however, the ladies present were in full view, and this certainly marks a departure in sporting and social history.

WHY NOT?

Undoubtedly many readers will roundly condemn the presence of these ladies, and refuse to listen to any argument on the subject. Yet, all said and done, it is not so easy to find a convincing reason why women should be excluded from prize fights.

Objection may be taken to the costume worn by the combatants. It is true that they are stripped, save for a pair of short pants, but it would be ridiculous to say that the boxer's costume is in any way indecent. He is only a trifle more undraped than the rowing man, the gymnast, or, for that matter, footballers—or at least some of them.

It will probably be said that a prize fight is a brutal exhibition, and therefore unfit for women to witness. But is it brutal? The great majority of people who denounce the brutality of prize fights have never boxed, know nothing of the science and art of the game, and have never even seen a match in their lives. It may well be that what they condemn exists only in their imagination.

NO BRUTALITY.

If it is contended that a prize fight is brutal because of the injuries the men receive, the facts do not support this.

The men are in such perfect physical condition, they are so hardened and toughened by training and practice, that it is very seldom they receive any real injury, and the blows that look so terrible to the uninitiated onlooker are really nothing to them.

If it is said that no "nice" woman would care to see two men battering at each other till they are covered with blood and bruises, such a picture is again overdrawn.

In the course of the last few weeks the writer has seen three big prize fights. This, including preliminary bouts, meant twelve contests in all. In only one instance was blood drawn, and this was in the case of an "exhibition" bout.

THE "KNOCK-OUT."

The plain truth is, that when it comes to serious fighting the men are not going to waste time hitting at each other's noses or mouths. Their chief aim is to get home a blow on the point of the chin, the heart, or that part of the stomach popularly known as "the wind." Such blows are paralysing in effect, but they do not draw blood.

In regard to the "knock-out" blow, it may sound brutal to read about, but in practice it is not.

In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred its effect is purely temporary, and it leaves no permanent injury.

The man who is knocked out remembers nothing about it when he comes to himself again. So far as the infliction of pain is concerned, the punch on the nose that one schoolboy gives another is infinitely more painful than the knock-out blow from the mightiest of pugilists.

What brutality there is in boxing lies in foul play, but you will see more deliberately brutal, rough, and dirty play in one professional football match than you will in fifty prize fights, and ladies attend professional football in thousands without exciting criticism.

NOT PARLIAMENTARY.

Exception may be taken to the nature of the crowds at prize-fights and the "language" to be heard round the ring.

It is true that the crowd has a pretty rough element in it, though it also includes men of "light and leading," but, on the whole, the boxing crowd is better class and better behaved than the football mob. You can't see a championship contest for sixpence, and a man may be ever so rough and tough without being the kind of cad that would annoy or insult a woman.

In regard to "language," if the follower of boxing is apt to express himself in free and robust Saxon, you will hear far more filthy and disgusting language from a football crowd than at any prize fight, and even Rugby football is not entirely free from the same reproach.

Then, cannot a woman learn valuable lessons from the pluck, skill, stamina, and sportsmanship shown at a well-conducted fight?

SENTIMENT.

Nevertheless, ask the average follower of boxing whether he approves of the presence of ladies, and he will tell you that he doesn't. Ask him why, and he can only murmur vaguely that he doesn't know, but still he had rather they kept away.

This might seem to point to there being something brutal and unfit for women to see in prize fighting—women share practically every other form of manly sport with men, why should they be barred from the ring?—but perhaps there is another explanation.

The majority of sportsmen are clean-minded, clean-living men, and therefore reverence woman. They like to think of her as someone better and higher than themselves, and they don't want her to come down from her pedestal, and share in a sport like fighting, in which man with his lower nature particularly delights.

That may be a sentimental reason. Man may be mistaken in thinking that woman should be too refined to enjoy fighting—though she is so often the cause of it—but surely it would be unwise on her part to shatter his illusion.

Apart from that, there are other objections to women at prize fights.

The average man who goes to a fight is himself a boxer and knows the science of the game thoroughly. He does not go simply to see a fight, but in the hope of watching an exhibition of skill, endurance, and strength, with skill an easy first.

A SEALED BOOK.

What, however, does the average woman understand of the finer points of boxing? True, when Bob Fitzsimmons beat Jim Corbett for the championship of the world he was advised, and well advised, throughout the contest by his wife, who was in a box close to the ring, but that was an exceptional case.

The huge majority of women are neither boxers nor students of the science of the game. The only thing that can appeal to them is the physical and gladiatorial element in a fight. Boxing taken in that spirit would demoralise anybody, man or woman.

From experience of many football pavilions, I know that when the game is "strenuous," ladies often lose their heads, grow hysterical, encourage the players to violence, abuse the referee, and occasionally use language which, from a woman's lips, is simply appalling.

MAKING IT A SPECTACLE.

If the masculine spectator is sometimes moved to frenzy by a fierce fight, is not woman with her more emotional nature ever so much more likely to lose all control of herself, and thus degrade not only herself but her sex?

There is the selfish man's objection. He complains that the modern woman pursues him into the club, the smoking-room, the billiard-room, the football field, and now the boxing ring, with the result that nowhere can he and his fellow-men be alone, and in their solitude learn all the better to appreciate her charms and virtues.

Let woman take seriously to attending prize fights, and one of two things will surely happen: either the purely gladiatorial element will be increased and contests degenerate into brutal slogging matches, or the thing will become a farce with the combatants padded like German duellists or American footballers.

NORMAN FRASER.

FENCING.

A MAN'S SPORT.

It is a pity that fencing is not more generally followed by sportsmen.

It is, of course, an old-fashioned sport, but it is none the less a good one.

It trains the hand and the eye, and, above all things, it teaches a man to give and take, which is one of the finest lessons of sport.

Fencing demands skill rather than strength, and for that reason it is particularly suitable for those who are not physically fitted to go in for more strenuous exercises, such as wrestling and football.

It must not be thought, however, that fencing is a sport for weaklings. It is worthy of a place in the consideration of the strongest sportsmen breathing.

Like boxing, the energy needed in a fencing bout depends largely upon your antagonist, and, if you choose a man of about your own standard, you will get as much exercise as you want, without being unduly exhausted at the end of it.

Territorial readers have special facilities for learning the art of fencing, for the average sergeant-major is an excellent swordsman, and you can easily arrange for a few private lessons with him.

TIPSTERS

OF INTEREST TO BETTING MEN ONLY.

I do not propose to discuss the ethics of horse-racing. It is a business, or a sport, which has brought ruin to many, but it also provides a livelihood for many more.

It is honoured with Royal patronage, and, although some consider it to be one of the stepping-stones to hell, others regard it as a very respectable and possibly lucrative pastime. The only bit of preaching that I will venture upon is to say that no man should back horses, or indulge in gambling of any description, unless he can afford to lose the money with which he speculates.

The man who bets systematically, or even occasionally, naturally desires the latest information, and as chance enters so largely into success in horse-racing, those who supply him with information have special opportunities of making money out of him. Hence we find the existence of so many prosperous tipsters.

NEWSPAPER TIPS.

As a backer of some experience, I give it as my own opinion that the best racing tips are those contained in the daily newspapers.

Competition amongst newspapers is so keen, that guess-work cannot be permitted, and the best London papers all have their resident correspondents at the various racing and training centres.

These men send in reports concerning the various horses, and the sporting editor in the London office keeps a watchful eye upon past records, and upon the reliability of his correspondents. He can, therefore, weed out the reports sent to him, and arrive at a very reasonable conclusion as to the chances of any particular horse.

To the credit of our sporting editors be it said that, though they may have a little personal flutter over a particular fancy, I have never known a case where they have withheld their available information from the public for personal gain. They are hard-working journalists, and in most cases the proprietor or manager of the paper has unpleasant things to say to them if their racing prophecies do not come true.

"SNIPS" AND "NAPS."

I therefore advise those who desire racing tips to use the advice given in the newspapers and no other.

Let them beware of the advertising tipster who offers to send you a "snip" or a "nap" in return for payment. In most cases he knows nothing more about the chance that a horse may have than you do, and all he does in return for your money is to compare the tips given by the morning newspapers, to select the name of the horse which the majority of them favour, and to forward that to you.

Tipsters are very often careful men of business, and go about their trade in the most systematic, if unscrupulous, manner.

One trick which is occasionally played by them is very ingenious. They insert in the various papers an announcement which reads something like this:

"I am a racing man, with special information, but without the necessary funds. Sportsmen who desire an excellent tip should write to me, provided that they will agree to pay me five guineas if the horse I tip wins. There is no charge if it loses."

The proposal seems fair, and a considerable number of betting men reply.

The tipster then consults a list of all the horses entered for a certain race. He sends the name of one horse to one town, the name of another horse to another town, and so on.

Of course, one horse wins, and equally of course the betting men in a certain town who have patronised this tipster are delighted with his prophetic powers.

He writes to these lucky ones, reminds them of the pleasure which it gave him to receive their payments of five guineas, and informs them that he has another excellent tip, which he will send on to them on payment of ten shillings.

LOCAL REPUTATION.

If he is lucky in this prophecy, he becomes a man of note, so far as that town is concerned, but even if he is unsuccessful he can still tap the men with whom he has dealt on the five guineas wheeze.

Of course, he does no business in those towns to which he sent the losing horses, but he changes his name and address (using a tobacconist's shop for receiving his letters), advertises again, and builds up a second connection under another name in another town.

This is but one of the tricks of the tipster, but they are as full of tricks as a goat, and the wise backer will steer clear of them.

R. CASTLE.

CHALK AND CHEESE.

NECESSARY ELEMENTS FOR THE RAMBLER'S ENJOYMENT.

If I tell you that the only two elements that are necessary to the enjoyment of a perfect day are chalk and cheese, you will have every excuse for staring at me in blank amazement. You may even suspect me of incipient—or even developed—lunacy. Nevertheless, chalk and cheese stand in my estimation as the embodiment of much that makes life worth living.

The best place in the whole world, to which a man, blessed with holidays, or a little occasional leisure, can possibly direct his steps, is some portion of the chalk hills of old England.

Has it ever struck you what English outdoor life owes to chalk? If not, think over it a moment.

Perhaps a large percentage of the readers of these columns have some experience of Salisbury Plain. If so, they will be better able to appreciate the truth of my claim that English outdoor life owes more to chalk than has ever been fully understood.

Speaking with reasonable accuracy, then, Salisbury Plain is, so far as chalk is concerned, a sort of territorial centre of England. From its upraised rolling downs there radiate three chief ridges of chalk hills which have done much in making England such a paradise.

From this central point, then, one great ridge of chalk runs clean away to Yorkshire. Striding right away through Wilts, Berks, Oxford, and so on, it runs out into the sea at points in the Norfolk and Yorkshire coasts, and all along its course there is a magnificent open plain of high downland.

But the choicest arm of all this great body of chalk leans southward and makes that ever-delightful rambling ground known as the South Downs. It turns Hampshire into a land of chalk streams, where trout are at their best and where a man may fish to his heart's content. But chiefly it beautifies Sussex.

I have never ceased to wonder why these chalk downs are so avoided by the million. But I have hardly begun to wonder at this before my wonder is changed to thankfulness that the million have left them so utterly alone.

For once let the crowded excursion train disgorge its loads of noisy trippers at the foot of these hills, and all their attractions would be gone.

To-day the total absence of "attractions" of the sort beloved by excursionists constitutes the chief attraction of the downland.

Besides—and this is something to me—when thousands climb and roam the downs, there will no longer be truth in my remark that "chalk and cheese" constitute the elements of pleasure. There will be swings, and gaudy ginger-beer booths, and those terrible eyesores called cafés, glaring with advertisements of somebody's cocoa or somebody else's mineral waters.

For the present, however, there is no reason to fear for the complete isolation and remoteness of the downs.

The modern excursionist of the average sort does not, thank Heaven! care for hill-climbing.

So let him, and her, rest in the enjoyment of their own special pleasures. For the others, I would recommend the chalk hills for the annual excursion and the week-end tramp. Far away from all commercial activity there is peace and quiet on the rolling hills.

The plough creeps up as far as possible towards the hill-tops, but long before it reaches half-way up the soil loses its colour. The good redness fades from the earth and the pale chalk appears in all that the coulter turns over. It is only fit for grazing, and the partridges.

But it gives a man a mighty appetite which he finds some difficulty in satisfying. For cottages are far apart and cottagers are thrifty. They live from hand to mouth, and know not the luxuries of town-dwelling folk. And so it comes about that often a man can only find bread-and-cheese for his sustenance.

The cottager provides it willingly, and with a downland appetite nothing can be more tasty and welcome.

If cottages are scarce and difficult to find, inns are still scarcer, and so the drink of ale that gives a further relish to the cheese, and the chalk, must sometimes be foregone since it cannot be obtained for love or money.

Few cottagers can afford the luxury of the barrel in the house.

There is, however, a delicious alternative. Deep down into the chalk a well is sunk, and if you are so minded, you can lower the tin bucket in your own hand and haul it up by your own muscle. A draught of cool clear water from the depth of the chalk goes far to compensate for the lack of ale.

M. BRUCE.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Triumph of Trooper Kernahan

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Trooper Kernahan, a solitary figure in the Yeomanry Room of the Territorial Club at Brermouth, was occupied in the cleaning of his briar-wood pipe. Such a job was never considered a beauteous one by any man, yet it is some satisfaction, when it is finished, to find that the bowl regains its original holding capacity, and being seasoned the pipe is better than new.

The briar upon which he was at that moment at work was one of two presented to him on the never-to-be forgotten occasion of his winning the Grand Military Steeplechase at Methersett in the colours of the Colonel of the Blankshire Yeomanry.

The day had had its full meed of the most gorgeous of exultations. Now, it was to Trooper Kernahan a memory that caused him to smile pleasurably over the work of cleaning a pipe.

There arose before him the red face of the Colonel, the admiring glances of his daughters. But clearer cut still and dearer to Kernahan's memory was the sea of faces of the troopers of Squadron "B"—every face that of a friend.

Yes, he ruminated, he had been lucky. There had been stirring times and slack times, sad times and gay times, but always the Squadron had stood by him. They were good chaps . . . somehow he felt they had been kinder to him than he deserved. He had served them and the Regiment to the best of his ability. He had brought off little coups, and, on the other hand, had sometimes bowed to the law that rules that no man shall be infallible.

In the midst of his reverie Trooper Stephen entered quietly. Kernahan's eyes were still gazing at the red embers in the grate.

He looked up quickly.

"Stephen," he said, "Stephen——"

"Well, old man," said his friend, softly. He had seen an expression on the face of Kernahan that was unfamiliar.

"I say. I've been thinking," said Kernahan, slowly.

A laughing retort arose to Stephen's lips. But Kernahan's hand on his arm stayed it.

"No, I'm not rotting," said Trooper Kernahan. "I've been thinking that you chaps have been an infernal sight better to me than I deserve. Look at this old pipe. You'll remember how I won that and the—the brother to it. The Squadron gave it me——"

"For services rendered to the Regiment. Dam' good service, too, winning that Grand Military after the defection of Charlie Starcher. You stepped into the breach and, just in the old Kernahan way, you pulled us out of the fire."

"But, you don't know what sport it was to me. I ought to have presented the Colonel with something for letting me ride Terence. The mere winning of the race was like a draught of the Elixir of Life—and yet I got the 'bang-the-cymbals, twang-the-lyre' treatment into the bargain, to say nothing of a pair of very excellent pipes in the neatest of buff-lined cases. That is only one instance among many in which the path of duty has not only been the way to glory, but the means of personal gratification to me. Fate's been too kind. Where there has been a little turn-up for the Squadron in which I may have been partly instrumental, well, seventy-five per cent. of it's been a dress parade for Trooper Kernahan with musical honours. Fate's been dam' kind, Stephen."

"Which she isn't usually to people who deserve it," said Trooper Stephen sententiously.

"Some chaps get their little successes toned down in some way or another. A man who wants to look a hero in front of the women folk, for instance, never does it properly until he can strut about with the pride of an arm broken at a Tournament."

"You've been the giddy hero, often enough."

"Yes, and without the sniff of a broken arm." "Steward!"

Trooper Stephen turned to the man behind the bar.

"Trooper Kernahan been drinking gin?" he asked. "He's a reg'lar mournful beggar this evening."

"Well, I'm hanged," said Trooper Kernahan. "Can't a man discover a chunk of humility in himself without your putting it down to the waters of the Ancient Thomas brand?"

"Who's that talking about Ancient Thomas," asked Carteret, bursting in in the unceremonious manner for which he was justly infamous. "While you're on that subject I may as well say mine's a drop of Pink and Purple, and you chaps had better join me."

"Willie's backed a winner," said Trooper Stephen, with conviction.

"He jolly well has, Murgatroyd," Carteret assented, "and ——"

He burst out into an unnecessary amount of mock merriment. "Oh I say, Kernahan," he cried. "They've fairly flattered old Peacock in the Methersett Grand Military. Given him no end of a welter. You'll be the giddy hero again next week—only I don't think."

"Are you presuming to be funny, Wilkinstein?"

"No, but you should see the weights. They'll make the college chums on the quarter-deck burst into the customary shrieks of silence. (Not too much soda, Steward. I'm going to drink that stuff—not wash clothes in it.) Here's fun, Old Sportiboys."

They drank.

"Just seize that young gentleman, Stephen," said Kernahan, "and tap his ankle in your lightest manner until he coughs up where he's seen the weights. He's got something up his sleeve."

"No need," said Carteret. "The Sergeant-Major's got 'em typed out on his desk in the office——"

"Dam' sauce of you to go paying unofficial visits to the Sergeant-Major's office," said Sergeant-Major Brighton, entering with a flimsy sheet in his hand.

He fixed it up on the green baize-covered board.

"There you are, Mr. Kernahan," said he. "Peacock top of the handicap—if you turn it upside down."

Everyone laughed.

Kernahan, however, said nothing.

"Well, I reckon you ought to be pleased," said Carteret, who was an expert on such matters. "According to my reading of it it's put him jolly well in the race. You're always such a snip on the honours of the thing. What's the use of being flattered with top weight and finishing last? Rather have my money on the *winner* if he's only carrying a penn'orth of court plaster. If he's got anything left in him, it's a fairly good thing for the old horse."

"Old horse," said Kernahan, slowly. "Yes, I suppose you're right, Carteret. Peacock's an old horse—and the bottom of the handicap's just about his place."

"Yes, I can make him out three pounds in hand of the next best handicapped horse," said Carteret. "Now look here, taking a line through Terence at Southwich last Tuesday——"

Kernahan pursed his lips. "Oh, damn you and your calculations, Carteret!" he said, hotly.

Then something seemed to catch him in the throat. They saw his face working half in anguish.

The next second he had turned on his heel and left the room.

"Phew!" said the Sergeant-Major, gravely. "Didn't think he'd take it like that."

It was some time before anyone spoke again, and then it was a singularly ordinary remark about the weather.

II.

Later on that night there had been wagers freely made that Trooper Kernahan would refuse the mount on the Colonel's nomination, Terence. One small recruit with a perverted mind ventured to suggest that "old Kernahan" would ride Terence, wait on Peacock to the distance, and if Peacock could win let him go on and do so.

On both counts he was severely kicked out of the room by the senior men and, lamenting below stairs, was officially excommunicated by his compeers as the foul possessor of an evil thought about the "finest (etc.) chap in the bloomin 'Regiment, to say nothing of the whole British Army."

That recruit was an unhappy man—but he had not the bitterness that Fate had meted out to Kernahan to bear.

Kernahan heard of the incident on the day before the race.

"He's only a kid," he said. "What's he got to complain about. He has a—a different horse every week for a dollar a time. Lucky kid!"

That, to Kernahan, seemed luck, indeed, now. It had come home to him very forcibly with the appearance of Peacock's name at the bottom of the (welter weight) Grand Military. He was getting old—up in the tooth. He could see before him things too awful to mention. . . . The order to the—the——. The very hideous name refused to come to Trooper Kernahan's lips when he confided his sorrows to Trooper Stephen.

Trooper Stephen dropped him with a snarl.

"Hang it all," he said, "the horse is all right, Kernahan. There are precious few to touch him in the ranks. Supposing he *does* lose the race, the Territorial Forces Act doesn't require a man to take a Jerry M. or a Cackler to training with him. He's good for years yet."

"I've an idea," said Trooper Kernahan, "that the old chap will bar those inconspicuous years. Stephen——"

"Yes."

"Next year he'll be a bit lower in the handicap. So we're well out to win this time—Peacock and I. I've given him a couple of gallops over the downs"—there was the merest shade of pride in Trooper Kernahan's tone. "There's go in the old horse yet, Stephen, my boy. It may be the last time, but—we shall be with 'em in the run in to-morrow, Stephen—with 'em in the run in!"

They had reached the parting of the ways.

It was not usual for the two to give each other much else than the informal salute on parting, but now it was Trooper Stephen's hand that grasped Trooper Kernahan's.

"Old sport—old pal—old friend," he said, earnestly, "the best of luck to the old horse and you."

* * * * * * *

The Colonel heard Trooper Kernahan's decision with something akin to keen disappointment.

He did not walk with his old jaunty air in the paddock at Methersett and the officers of the regular regiments stationed in Blankshire con-

doled with him, and the King's Own generally on the loss of his Piggott.

They found an "A" Squadron man to do Terence's weight, and when the betting opened he was made second favourite to the Midshires' candidate, Levinham—a horse that had performed with distinction at several South-Country meetings.

Away from the busy scene was Trooper Kernahan, who was acting as scrapper, stable-boy, and everything else to his old horse, Peacock.

When the bell rang for the second race he found himself alone.

"Old boy," he said, patting Peacock on his glossy neck, "you've got to do it to-day. Just one last slash at 'em before——"

Kernahan laughed.

"Transferring yourself to higher spheres," he said ". . . As our friend Bob Stephen says, the Territorial Act does not stipulate that a man should take a Jerry M. or a Cackler to the annual training with him."

The horse, hearing the well-known tones of his master's voice, buried his nose in his master's arms.

"Good old horse!" said Kernahan. From the stands came the cheer as the second winner came home.

"Now," said Kernahan, "you must put on your best behaviour, Peacock."

He deftly affixed the white numbered saddle cloth.

"Number twelve," he mused. "Trooper A. H. Kernahan's bay gelding, Peacock. . . . Number twelve!"

He gave the salute of courtesy to the Colonel's daughters who passed by. Then he relinquished Peacock to a stable-boy to walk him round in the paddock.

At the door of the jockeys' room he met his friends and waved to them cheerily.

Ten minutes later, the saddling-bell ringing, he emerged in the regimental colours. His lips set, he passed out.

"Let's go and wish him luck," said Stephen. Carteret shook his head. "Form's all very well," he said. "But a bit of weight neither stops a good horse nor does a light impost help a bad one. It's either Levinham's or Terence's race. Peacock's too old for the game."

"But he goes down well," said Carteret from the stands, as the horses went to the post.

There were two or three tense seconds, a few jibes flung across space in the small rings by the various men of regiments stationed in Blankshire who formed the factions in the crowd, and then, like a sigh, came the magic "Off!"

The story of that race is perhaps best summed up in the brief words of Kernahan.

"He jumped off with the others like a two-year-old, and it was all I could do to hold him in. I managed, somehow, to keep him back—and you all saw how he cleared his fences—not a fault, not a quaver. It seemed somehow as though he knew it was his last chance—that his day was nearly over.

"But he stuck at it grandly. The others were going well, but at the second time round when he found up another spurt he fairly surprised me. 'Come on, old man,' I said, 'Come on.' We'd lost a length or two, but just at the right moment he seemed to hear me.

"We cleared off half the field before the water, and at the post and rails we were lying third to Levinham and Terence, as you saw. Well, I thought, it's no use. Can't catch 'em now—and damned if I was going to use the whip if the race had been worth a thousand. The old chap had stuck it beautifully.

"Coming towards the last fence I just patted him. 'Go on, if you can, Peacock,' I said. 'Go on!' and I rode home with my knees urging him. I felt him sort of prepare for a big effort, and then he went like the wind.

"At the fence we came over side by side with Levinham. Behind us, Terence was beaten to the wide.

"'It's for the K.O. now!' I shouted to Peacock. I was that excited—just as if he could understand. But it was the run in that did it. Just as we passed the post, a head in front, I felt something give in the old horse—the something that's brought him here now. . . ."

It was a Kernahan unashamed of the tears rolling down his cheeks who spoke thus.

At his feet the winner of the Grand Military lay dead.

Trooper Stephen pressed his arm.

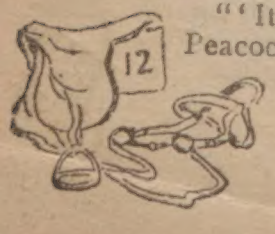
"Old man," he said "you don't need me to say how sorry—But gad, you remember what you said last week? This time Fate has not made you a hero without a penalty . . . The arm in the sling . . ."

"Ay, the arm in the sling," said Kernahan, heavily. "There lies the thing that loved me most——"

"But what of us?" asked Stephen, as they walked away.

"Forgive me," said Trooper Kernahan, sadly. "Alexander, Hall, Stephen, Carteret—good men all. You understand."

And the four nodded. Somehow, speech was inadequate.



OUTDOOR FANCY DRESS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

Where a man has to wear fancy dress, as, for example, at a ball, it is best for him to hire a costume; but where the fancy dress is intended for an outdoor event only, he should make it himself.

Outdoor fancy-dress functions are not many, but they exist, as any student at a Scotch University will testify. The torchlight processions, which are held on the evening when the result is announced of the Rectorial contest, provide much amusement both to the students who take part in them, and also to the inhabitants of the town.

So far as the students are concerned, half the fun consists in the labour of manufacturing a simple costume. As the costume has not to undergo the searching brilliance of an electrically lighted ball-room, small defects are not observed, and a good deal can be left to the semi-darkness and to the spectator's imagination.

In my time I have taken part in two torch-light processions. In the first I appeared as a Roman centurion.

Sheets of brown pasteboard, marked with lines and studs in blacking, gave an exact imitation of the ornamented and embossed leather corselet of the Roman soldier. A short kilt manufactured from an old blanket, and adorned round the edge with a key pattern, also made in blacking, were the next things to be considered.

The sleeves of a short tunic of the same material protruded from beneath the "armour."

A helmet made of paper and pasteboard, decorated with gold paint, sat upon the head. Greaves, made of pasteboard and gilded in imitation of the original brass, adorned the nether limbs. My nose, which is not of the Roman type, was made up with a special waxy composition, which I bought from a local theatrical outfitter.

The broadsword, which was slung from an extempore baldrick, was a work of art, being fashioned with my own hands of wood and covered with silver paper.

For the next torchlight procession my costume was still simpler. I blackened my face, my arms, and one shoulder, covered my head with a woolly black wig, built up a head-dress consisting of a band of brass in which were stuck a number of feathers, and completed my costume with a thick tigerskin worn over one shoulder, and leaving the other bare. My wrists and biceps were further ornamented with bands of thin brass.

Both of these costumes were highly successful, and I describe them for the benefit of any readers who may contemplate taking part in torchlight processions.

Neither of them, I think, would have been particularly suitable for the ball-room.

D. McD.

THE FIRST OF SPRING.

A DISCOVERY THAT MEANS MUCH.

In most gardens the ground is already plentifully dotted with little spikes and tips of green. They are rounded, wrapped in many close folds, and they have a way of appearing at most unexpected places. But the finding of the first one is an event.

It is pleasantest to make the discovery on some frosty morning. By all the laws which one supposes to be Nature's laws there should be no signs of the next season while the present one reigns supreme; so the discovery has the added charm of the unexpected, the daring.

The plants in the garden beds look still rather shrivelled after last night's hard frost. There is white on the mould and the top of the hedge is glistening with drops of moisture, melted rime where the sun has caught it from over the misty field.

But while you are looking casually at these things there catches your eye, just showing between two small knobs of hard earth, one tiny round green spikelet.

It's ten to one that you utter an exclamation of pleasure. For the sight of this one spike of green means more to you at that moment than all the glories of a clear, crisp, frosty morning.

This is because you have had a sort of uneasy hankering for a sign that the year is not going on for ever in winter dress. Down you go to this newcomer and look long and closely at it.

There is no doubt about it, the Spring has sent one tiny messenger ahead. It has pushed a way between hard nodules of earth: it has vigorous life, and dares the worst that the last of winter can do to it!

Henceforth you live in a new world. Daily, and sometimes many times in a day, you visit this one pioneer spike of green.

As days go on you hunt carefully for others, but as yet they are hidden. The search is just now to you as interesting as anticipation is to a fisherman. At any moment something may turn up to reward your patience and help to satisfy your hunger for promising signs of the real opening of the year.

Strange to say, although you knew last year every spot where the earliest bulbs showed their green, long leaves you cannot now say "Here, and here there will soon be more signs of spring."

It is by accident that your discoveries are made. And, after all, this is the pleasantest way to make them. When they flash into your sight in this way they are doubly welcome.

It is more than likely that they will have grown to some size before you stumble on them in out-of-the-way sheltered places. At the foot of the hedge, or sheltered by overhanging evergreens, or in the shadow of some big tree-trunk, are all likely places.

Who can fully express all that these first shoots mean to a man who lives in close touch with all Nature's seasonal movements? There is no other hour in all the year's procession that has quite so much unalloyed delight.

It means that at last one is entering on the open-air period of the year; and one can count on one, two, three, four, five, six, possibly even seven, months during which there is scarcely any day that cannot be spent in the open. A prospect of this sort is ample compensation for the past short dark days.

From the date of this discovery all your outlook changes. The mind puts away winter thoughts even though winter persists, but the Spring is in possession and is the rightful owner of the land for some time to come, and to it you give your allegiance, pay all your respects. Winter has outstayed its welcome.

M. BRUCE.

HINTS ON RAILWAY TRAVELLING

BY A RAILWAY MAN.

As a railway man of many years' experience, I may be allowed to make certain suggestions to those who are in the habit of travelling. If these suggestions are adopted, they will not only make the task of the railway servant lighter, but they will also save delay and trouble to the passenger.

My first hint is regarding luggage, and I would say at once that there is no necessity for the passenger to "travel light." He should not be afraid of taking as much luggage as he wishes. Taking for granted that some of his luggage has to be put in the van, it is no more trouble to take two or three trunks or boxes than it is to take one.

A DISTINCTIVE MARK

On all luggage which is to be placed in the van there should be some distinctive mark on each face of the bags or trunks. It is very easy to cut a stencil of a star, a cross, or some other mark, and by means of a brush to paint the device on the top, bottom, sides and ends of every trunk or bag. This enables the porter to find your luggage much more quickly than he otherwise could.

Fancy designs can, of course, be painted on the luggage, such as coloured stripes or coloured corners, but most men dislike to see anything very conspicuous in the way of decoration of this description.

It is a very good plan to have your luggage label of a distinctive colour. Coloured labels of the tie-on variety can now be bought at most stationers. This distinctive mark helps the porter to pick out your luggage quickly.

Always be careful to have your full name and address written in bold letters upon each label, in case any of the trunks should go astray.

A SPARE LABEL.

It is wise to carry with you a spare label addressed in exactly the same way as the labels on the trunks in the van. If you take this precaution, all you need do on alighting is to hand your spare label to the porter, and to tell him that there are two trunks similarly labelled in the van, and that each trunk is marked with a red star or whatever your device may be.

Instead of labels, an economical plan is to write your name and address across the bottom of the label, instead of all over it. You can then cut off the used part of the label and use the rest another time.

It is always wise to watch your luggage being put into the van, and to take the number of the van, for sometimes additional carriages are attached to a train, and it is difficult for you to say which luggage van contains one containing your property, unless you have noted its number.

IMPORTANT TRAVELLING.

In the case of a composite coach, you will notice that the first-class compartments are always put in the middle and the third-class at the ends. This is because the riding in the middle of the coach is much smoother, owing to the fact that the bogies come at the ends, and all the shocks of the road when travelling over points are transmitted from them to the carriages immediately above them.

You should therefore endeavour, whenever possible, to choose a compartment in the middle of the coach, for the travelling will be much smoother, and you will be able to read or write in comfort.

Always make a note of the number of the compartment you are in. It may happen that,

during a few minutes' stop at some large station, you take the opportunity of visiting the refreshment room; in the meantime the train is shunted, and you will have difficulty in finding your compartment again unless you know the number, which is always painted on the outside of each coach.

This precaution is also useful in the case of lost property, when applying to the authorities afterwards.

Speaking of lost property, the things most frequently left in railway carriages are walking-sticks and umbrellas, and they are generally found on the rack.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

To prevent such a loss, you should place your hat on the rack first, and then place your umbrella or stick so that it rests on the brim of the hat. There is no chance of your forgetting to pick up your hat, and in this way your stick or umbrella is bound to assert its presence.

Finally, do not be afraid of using the knowledge of the railway servants. Don't be content with the porter's assertion that you are in the right train; check the fact by a glance at the indicator at the end of the platform, or by asking the guard.

F. SMITH.

CLUB NEWS.

GLASGOW MODERN MAN CLUB.—The smoking concert was a great success, 140 being present. There were nine visitors from the Edinburgh club. Another smoker will be held at the Landsdowne on Thursday, March 9. Tickets, which cost 6d. each, can be had from the secretary, and all Glasgow readers are cordially invited. The club has elected Mr. J. A. Shepherd as hon. president, and Mr. Marshall as president, and Mr. W. D. Fraser, 20, Maule Drive, Partick West, Glasgow, as secretary.

BRADFORD MODERN MAN CLUB.—The whist drive was most successful and new members are coming in rapidly. All Bradford readers desirous of joining should communicate with the secretary, Mr. H. Edwards, 101, Gladstone Street, Bradford.

BUYING AND SELLING.

When you want to buy or sell anything in the sporting line, remember that the third page of our cover is at your service.

BREAKFAST-TABLE BORES.

HOW TO TREAT THEM AND HOW TO AVOID THEM.

It is astonishing what an earthquake a little thing may cause at breakfast time. There is no hour of the day when things in general are so easily upset, and when a pin-prick annoyance can cause such profound discomfort.

Many people have written about the perils of breakfast—not referring to arsenic in the coffee, or death in the grilled mushrooms, but to the mental and intellectual comfort of those who gather round the steaming dishes.

These people have taken it for granted that mankind in general comes downstairs, with unfailing regularity, in the very worst of tempers; and bent upon being as rude and as surly as possible. But this is a vast mistake.

After a good night's sleep a man has gone a long way back towards his primitive state. His social sense has to a very large extent been blunted, for much of the social sense is the result of convention.

Some irrepressible men—fortunately few—seem never to know the reactions to which ordinary beings are subject. They are for ever like froth, bubbling and spluttering with something that only themselves take for sociability. These are the great bores of the breakfast table.

They look round and beam up and down the table, firing off so-called jests and quips and trying hard to be very, very, funny, not noticing the centred, absorbed look that most of the others are wearing; and being quite impervious to snubs or silence they go on, like the brook, for ever.

Their dreams are their chief stock-in-trade. Of all things without interest, the most bare and fruitless is the relation of a dream. No man wants to know what another dreamed.

No doubt they are the cause of so much late coming down. Who would not willingly oversleep on a cold March morning for the sake of escaping the babbling bore at the breakfast-board?

It was probably the bore who caused some quick-witted host or hostess to institute the go-as-you-please breakfast. It is an institution of great value and of infinite convenience.

Instead of assembling at the bidding of a gong or bell, each one of the house party drops in when he is ready.

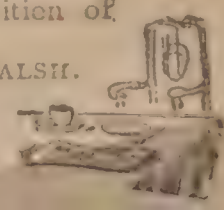
A man cannot regard breakfast as dinner, and exert himself to be sociable. He wants to be left alone; to go off to the sideboard and make his selection of fuel for the day, at leisure, without much pressing. Sensible people, I find, are nearly always silent at breakfast.

The virtues of a morning newspaper at such times are immense. Whether a man reads it or not he can open it and appear to be absorbed in the perusal of one special article. With an occasional glance at this he can warn all around him that he has other fish to fry than the sprats of stupid morning flippancy.

He can ignore the bore's joke; refuse to heed the interruptions of the other bore who is too lazy to read a paper for himself, and asks questions of the "Any news?" character. Any news! Why the paper is full—ten or twelve pages of it every day of the week! "Any news?" indeed. The man must be a fool. Which he probably is.

All these interruptions can be ignored by the man with a newspaper propped up on his left hand and a steaming cup of coffee on his right. The paper acts as a sort of buffer State through which the enemy must pass. But he seldom dares, and if he does there is every excuse for receiving him with a round or two from the guns. He may be irrepressible, but he will probably turn his attention to someone else after this exhibition of hostility on your part.

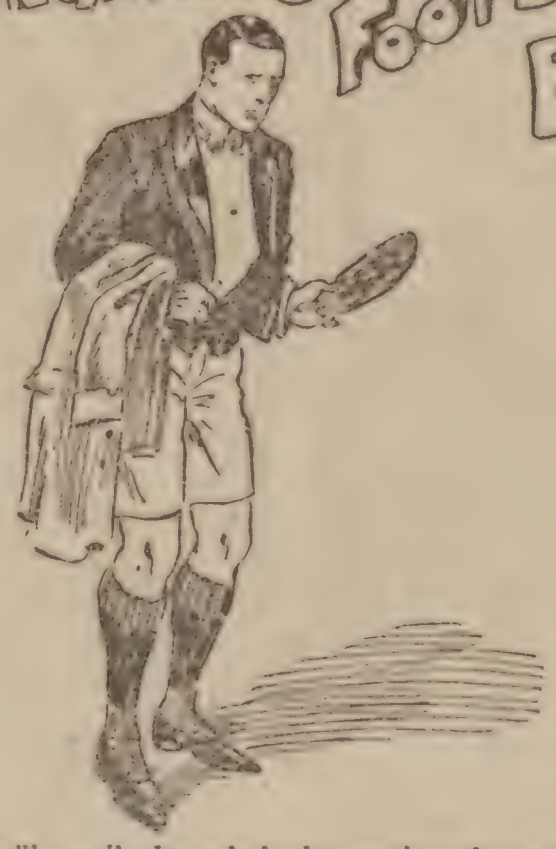
C. T. WALSH.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

MR FELMINGHAM'S FOOTBALL BOOTS

By F. C. HARTINGTON.



"You'll be winning all the matches now, Mr. Felmingham," observed the not unpleasing young woman who presides over one of the most comfortable haunts of the *jeunesse dorée* in Bond Street.

Upon the counter were displayed the wonders in leather that had called forth the praise of the sporting patrons of the lounge. Possibly we were over-addicted to mixed drinks, but for all that we were sportsmen at heart, and I question if there was one of us present who would not have dispensed with the pre-lunch sherry-and-bitters in favour of the training necessary for the big winter game.

Yet, alas! the captains of our various Old Boys' teams seemed to have forgotten us. Our only consolation was that we had often slammed their heads with a ponderous Greek lexicon at school.

With Felmingham, however, it was different. As vice-captain of that famous fifteen, the Old Franciscans, he often enjoyed the honour of lording it over heavily-moustached, massive-legged men at Richmond and other "Rugger" arenas.

"Boots like that," observed a young man, who had at home a tasselled velvet cap, eloquent of the fact that it was only since he had bade good-bye to his *alma mater* that he had dropped out of the ranks of athletes, "should prove a mascot to any team."

Felmingham finished his cup of beef extract, the one access to the good fellowship of the public bar that now remained to him.

"You men wouldn't talk such rot," said he, "if you knew the pain, misery, and trouble those boots have brought me, though not so much as a scratch from a three-quarter's hoof, nor a speck of the rich mud of Richmond, has disfigured them. Mascot! Good heavens!—and they've brought me nothing but bad luck since Saturday last."

"Poor little me," sighed Hebe. "Always wrong. Now, I liked those boots——"

"But you weren't prepared to worship the ground they'll walk on, I'll bet," said Felmingham, laughing.

"A privilege of that sort is exclusively masculine," said the little lady, in accents such as are not expected from one whose net salary does not exceed ten shillings per week and all found.

"Far be it from me to pose as the conceited idiot," said the vice-captain of the Old Franciscans, "but as far as I was concerned I believe it to have been exceptionally feminine in at least one case."

"Oh, we all know Miss Trix Trevanna is your special," said the bar-lady. "Seen you taking her out to tea too many times not to be aware of that."

"Yes. But don't say 'is'—make it the past tense, Kitty. Say she 'was.' . . . . You chaps know that some girls are very much interested in sport. I promised Trix that she should come and see us play at Richmond against the Old Rotundians. That was last Saturday. Well, I was anxious to appear something like a poster advertising this excellent beef extract. I wished to look the extra spesh. English athlete. Our colours are sufficiently gaudy; and our cap, as Kitty will admit, is not so dusty, unless it's been used as a door-mat in the dressing room. But my old boots, while being comfortable and effective place-kickers, were the last word in—well—Bohemianism. Some of the eyelets had given way, and I kept them together with criss-crossed string sealing-waxed in places just before the play. It raised a bit of a ripple from our opponents usually, but—they were good hoofers for all that, those boots!

"But to get back to Saturday. The desire to look like the poster-ornament didn't strike me until Miss Trevanna and I were driving down Bond Street in an open taxi.

"She was very resplendent in a black beaver toque and a Grenadier plume.

"I thought of my *tout ensemble* and, last of all, I came to those old boots. 'Heavens,' I thought. 'that'll spoil the whole lot, seeing that womenfolk have got such a wonderful eye for everything in (and sometimes on) the clothes line.'

"Well, we were nearing Markhardt's, where they sell such ripping boots. Funds weren't over and above streng, but, I thought, 'it's useless to spoil the liner for the sake of two penn'orth of gilding. Here goes!'

"So we pulled up at Markhardt's, and I bought these precious boots. Two guineas—rank robbery—(swear it was only because I'd got a girl with me and couldn't argue over the price that they bunged it on like that, curse 'em). However, Trix was so pleased with the dam'd things that I gave the Recording Angel a rest after a little time. And I was rewarded by Trix asking me round to her place to dinner after the match.

Then I remembered that my dress clothes were at the club.

"I told the French gas-fitter in charge of the car to deviate in that direction, and I got out of the taxi at the club, Trix promising to wait with the taxi down to the right, as we were in a dangerous area. She's got tons of narrow-minded relations—horribly respectable members of the stodgy clubs, who would have been shocked to see her waiting about in a taxi for a young man.

"So I barged into the club for my dress things. Naturally, I couldn't find 'em anywhere. Fumed, fretted, swore—all to no purpose. Before you could say Jack Robinson it seemed ten minutes had gone. Finally, I ran 'em to earth in that ass Bevillson's locker. Making a mental note to curse Bevillson, and thanking providence that had ordained that he, a reserve man, should be playing for our crew that day, I dashed out.

"Got round the corner. No Trix. No taxi.

"Suddenly, policeman on the point turns up. Taxi had gone five minutes ago in the direction of Bond Street, cursed Bevillson again, and off I went at the double. Talk about a training spin—not in it with my dash for Bond Street. At last I caught a glimpse of a black fur toque and a tall straight-up-and-down feather showing over the back of an open taxi. I put on a final spurt, caught it, and called out 'Trix!' . . . Gentlemen, the smile of an ancient geyser who was made up to represent the sweet-and-twenty style, was my reward.

"After that I gave it up and got conscientious about my side, with whom was my first duty. I made straight for the station. Luck would have it that I should clamber into Bevillson's compartment.

"I told him what I thought of him as a man and a brother. He explained that the previous night he'd been asked to a theatre by a manager who wanted to fill up the house. He hadn't had the time to go back to his native Norwood for his dress clothes. So after a lot of thinking (*he* said, but I know he's not capable of it) he borrowed mine and forgot to put 'em back into my locker. I'd guessed something of that sort. What Bevillson can't forget is not worth forgetting.

"Well, he compromised on the matter. Said he'd fag my lounge suit and my footer things to the club for me after the match, and then I could go straight on to Trix's and make my peace.

"But I was upset for the day. Couldn't do anything right. Muffed everything; and tackled with the technique of a cow.

"Finally, after one or two floorers, I came off the field more dead than alive, yet praising the gods that there was at least a sensible bathroom in the pav.

"Bevillson promised to pack and clear off with my footer things and everything but my evening-dress rig out, so in the state of beauty unadorned I very thankfully bade him good-bye.

"Well, I'll shut the door on the bath. When I came out of it, it was to find that Bevillson for once had done more than was required of him. He'd taken my lounge suit and my footer things *and*—my evening-dress trousers.

"Don't know that there's any need to laugh. A babe in arms is a strong, resourceful being in comparison to a man without his trousers. He had everything else—evening togs, overcoat, hat, socks, patent boots—but not a sniff of a pair of trousers.

"In my despair I searched all the lockers, and burgled one or two. At last I came on a pair of white footer shorts (very muddy) and a couple of thick footer stockings.

"I won't trouble you with what I said about Bevillson when I looked at myself. The rig-out was all right for an itinerant pub-door banjo-player, but for a young man with an engagement to dine with a young lady they were somewhat inadequate.

"I travelled third-class all the way back to town, and afforded an enterprising young journalist a first-hand interview with a strange musician—told him how I'd come down through drink, how I'd started in the Gaiety orchestra, and finished up at the pub. door.

"Escaping him, I managed to catch my train home. There was a note waiting for me there from Trix—grand little sport.

"As I thought, she had seen a respectable uncle approaching and ordered the taxi-driver to flee. When she got home she acted like a brick, and excused me altogether by saying she'd missed me. Wherefore, the letter concluded, I was not to come on to dinner that night.

"But I made excuse to call on the Monday to return her father's umbrella, which I had borrowed on principle at the slightest sniff of opportunity—for the sake of taking it back.

"Well, when I got down to Kensington, Trix received me very coldly. She said she'd had to suffer a lot of ridicule since writing the letter to me. She wouldn't tell me what about.

"But it was not long before I found out. Her young brother George hauled me up to his bed-room later on to show me a new glory of his.

"They were tastefully displayed on trees—things I'd clean forgotten—my new footer boots.

"'Funny thing about these boots,' George told me. 'Trix went out on Saturday to meet you, and on the way she saw these in a shop window somewhere where there'd been a fire. So she bought 'em for me for fifteen bob. Then she was idiot enough to leave 'em in the taxi, and it wasn't till the chauffeur brought 'em back that she remembered she'd bought 'em at all.' 'How silly of her,' I had to say; 'and they seem a little too big for you.'

"'That's just it. They are,' says young George. 'But I reckon they're just the thing for you. Hand me over the fifteen bob, and they're yours.'

"Two pounds seventeen, Kitty," Felmingham concluded. "They owe me a lot of luck to make up for that."

A FEW ANECDOTES OF MEN A MAN LIKES TO HONOUR.

Everybody knows that France and other foreign countries can nowadays produce as fine sportsmen as ever came out of the Old Country, but a certain bespectacled Teuton has stuck in my mind, because when I first knew him—alas! how time does fly—the idea that any foreigner could play football was generally considered too absurd for words.

He was German master at the school which I honoured, more or less, with my presence. It was a school which lived for Rugby, and these were the days of hacking, hacking over, dragging, and other playful and then quite legitimate games.

There was not the slightest compulsion on Herr Fox—I anglicise his name—to play football. He was weak on the legs, short in the wind, and couldn't see a yard without his double glasses, so he might well have been excused.

"FEETBALL"

But the game might have been Frankfort sausage or lager beer from the way he took to it. And he went forward, of all places. He took his spidery legs, his sobbing lungs, and his groping eyes into the reeking twenty minutes' inferno that was then a maul.

The funny part of it was that, the gentlest of men in private life, he was a holy terror once he got inside his football breeks.

As he couldn't follow the ball, he simply went for the first man he saw—whether friend or foe didn't matter—and did his best to kill him—all in the best of tempers, mind you, but he felt that he had to keep his country's flag up, and he did.

By Gad, I can see him now, wild of eye and face purple with excitement, charging head down into the scrum, and I can hear the highly irregular German cuss-words in which he used to breathe defiance.

He belonged to that most lovable type of sportsman—the duffer who makes up in keenness what he lacks in skill.

THE CLOTH AND THE CLOTH.

When you meet a parson who is also a sportsman you run up against one of the best. The Vicar of Brixton—the Rev. A. J. Waldron—belongs to this category. He contrives to be very much a man without abating a jot of the dignity of his cloth.

Once when he was lecturing in Hyde Park, a would-be funny individual called out: "Is it true that the Vicar of Brixton drinks whisky-and-sodas?"

"No, it isn't," came the lightning retort; "he's not such a fool as to spoil a good drink; he always mixes his whisky with water."

That reminds me of a story he is fond of telling.

A newly-appointed prison chaplain, paying his first visit, entered the cell of an old lag, and, sitting down, read to him a lesson from the Bible.

Somewhat to the good man's surprise, the convict hitched his stool closer to him, and invited him to read the lesson again. This the chaplain did, but when the prisoner called for yet another encore, coming still closer, he said mildly: "My good man, you seem to be very much interested in this lesson. May I ask why you like it so much?"

"It ain't the lesson, guv'nor," came the hoarse reply, "it's your be-yew-tiful breaf. I ain't 'ad a smell o' whisky for three years!"

Brilliant idea! Why doesn't the Editor invite Mr. Waldron to become Honorary Chaplain to THE MODERN MAN League? Good egg! Push it along!

"SAMMY."

Another well-known sportsman for whom I have a great admiration is Mr. S. M. J. Woods, much better known to an army of friends as "Sammy." There is something irresistibly genuine and boyish about him.

A lion in the field—the man who got in his way when he was leading a forward rush for England at Rugby, or tried to stop one of his drives when he was batting for Somerset, didn't forget it in a hurry—the most unaffected and sweet-natured of men in private, Mr. Woods is everything that a sportsman should be.

Over some famous athletes there is the trail of the pot-hunter, and the slime of "expenses," but Mr. Woods is an amateur *pur sang*, and he has always put clean sport before victory.

Bill Lang is another giant with the clean, simple heart of a child. By the time these lines are in print, Bill will have fought Sam Langford; but I am telling all the time that if he wins there'll be no crowing about it, while if he loses he won't attempt to explain away his defeat.

WELLS.

Another pugilist who appeals strongly to me is Bombardier Wells.

Wells was not meant by Nature to be a fighter—I mean temperamentally. He has no real liking for the publicity of the ring. He is a professional boxer because he has others dependent on him.

Some people think he lacks stamina, but I happen to know that when he fought and ultimately beat Corporal Sunshine, after his chance looked hopeless, he was practically unconscious during three rounds. Only sheer pluck and will power kept him on his feet, mechanically stopping and guarding Sunshine's blows until his strength and his wits came back to him.

A great hunter I have had the pleasure of knowing is Mr. F. C. Selous, the original of Rider Haggard's "Allan Quatermain."

If you have read that book, or "King Solomon's Mines," then you know what Mr. Selous is like. A spare, grey-bearded man, with a great capacity for silence. A hunter of the finest type, to whom the "bag" is as nothing compared with the joy of pitting his wits against those of his quarry.

Professional golfers are, as a rule, very genuine sportsmen. J. H. Taylor, in particular, loves the game for its own sake, and is a most chivalrous opponent. Andrew Kirkcaldy, for all his typical Scottish "dourness," is a most generous foe.

When Taylor was an unknown man he was matched against Kirkcaldy, who was then professional to the Winchester Club.

ACCEPTING DEFEAT

Kirkcaldy took things easily until, too late, he discovered that he had met a foeman worthy of his cleek, and he was beaten—well-beaten. He might well have felt "sick," but the first thing he did when the issue was decided was to slip his arm through Taylor's and to congratulate him most warmly.

When he returned to St. Andrews, Kirkcaldy was terribly "roasted" by his brother pros. over his defeat at the hands of an unknown Saxon; but from first to last all he had to say was that he had been fairly and squarely beaten by a better man.

R. GRAHAM.

WE WANT MEN.

We want to hear from really First-class Men who are capable of occupying Responsible Positions—Ambitious, Energetic Men of More than Average Ability, who desire to get into positions where their Special Capabilities will be fully utilised and properly paid for. We have large numbers of positions open for such men. If you think you are one of the men we seek—write us to-day.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 107-108, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.

A LINK WITH THE NORTH.

One of the pleasantest journeys a London man can make is surely that one which many of us take once every week to the big railway terminus.

Here on the bookstall, we can buy, once a week, the newspaper that is a link with a far northern home. Walking up the long platform one can almost imagine that the train is waiting for just one more passenger before starting. We watch it fill and depart—without us. Our turn is not yet.

Perhaps in a few weeks we, too, shall book a seat in that great express and go with it many a mile. For the present, however, the paper that must serve us till then is our chief delight. Having bought it we linger at the station as we unfold the sheet and run our eyes over the columns filled with familiar names.

SIDE-SLIP.

HOW TO GUARD AGAINST IT.

During the uncertain weather which we are now experiencing, the chief worry of the cyclist is the danger of side-slip, for the roads have not yet attained that hardness which enables the cyclist to ride with speed and safety.

To guard against a side-slip, it is well to remember a certain scientific fact, namely, that the stability of any body depends very largely upon the height of its centre gravity.

A ship which is top-heavy—for example, some of the Norwegian ships which carry timber to this country, and which are loaded on their decks—is more likely to capsize than a ship which is loaded heavily under the water-level and very lightly above that.

The ships which bring from Spain and Algeria the grass which is used for paper-making, are generally loaded with this grass above water-level, and carry a cargo of lead below, and they are admittedly amongst the safest ships that float, and the reason is that their centre of gravity is low.

It is the same with the cyclist.

If, when riding over a slimy and dangerous road, you free-wheel, and thus allow the bulk of your weight to rest on the saddle of your machine, your centre of gravity is high, and the likelihood of a spill is considerable.

If, on the other hand, you press your weight on the pedals, although you may be free-wheeling, the centre of gravity comes much lower, and the risk of side-slip is much less.

The tip is one which is worthy of the attention of all those who cycle.

STANDARD TOBACCO.

ANOTHER SHRIEK.

(*With apologies to the* DAILY MAIL.)

The need for a Standard in tobacco has been realised at last. Too long have the public been at the mercy of the retail tobacconist. Too long have fancy tobaccos ruled the roast.

A manifesto might be issued by some of the most prominent firms, that, we feel sure, will speedily revolutionise the tobacco industry.

The manifesto might run as follows:

"We, the undersigned wholesale and retail tobacconists, believe it to be a national necessity that a Standard should be fixed for what is sold as tobacco. Such a Standard has already been fixed for other things, such as milk, and enforced by law. The Standardisation of tobacco is even more important, tobacco being smoked by practically all the adult males, and an increasing proportion of the female population of the United Kingdom.

"In view of the inferior smoking qualities of the fancy tobaccos commonly sold in this country, we urge that legislation should be passed making it compulsory that all tobacco sold as such should, unless specially labelled, be manufactured solely from tobacco, and contain the leaf, stem, and roots of the tobacco plant and nothing else."

Such a manifesto is bound to carry weight among the smoking population of these Isles, and before long it will not be an uncommon thing to see the City man, frock-coated and top-hatted, cutting and rubbing up his "twist."

TESTS FOR STANDARD TOBACCO.

The following tests may be applied by smokers to ascertain whether they are really getting Standard tobacco.

COLOUR: Dark brown, with yellowish streaks. The colour will vary slightly with the amount of stalk and root left in.

SMELL: The sweetness of new-mown hay.

FLAVOUR: It should be possible to taste the stalk and the root, but not the nicotine, and the tobacco should be hot to smoke and coarse in flavour.

APPEARANCE: The "twist" should have plenty of stalks and should be about thick enough for the end to fit into the bowl of the average pipe.

PHYSICAL EFFECT: After smoking Standard tobacco the tyro will probably feel ill. This is the natural result of using mild, diluted stuff, but after he has been sick he will quickly recover his normal health.

The sham Standard tobacco can easily be detected.

If the tobacco you are smoking is not nasty, it is not Standard tobacco.

If, then, your pipe does not leave a nasty taste in your mouth, you will know that you are not getting Standard tobacco.

Give your children the "twist" to smoke, and they will never smoke again.

NO NEED TO PAY MORE.

Views of the leading tobacconists show conclusively that the Standard tobacco should cost no more than the ordinary fancy tobacco of equal quality.

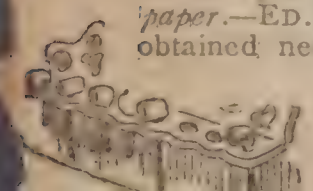
The retailer should pay no more for his pound, and the public no more for their ounce.

So that no one should be without the real, health-giving Standard smoke on the score of expense.

For athletes, Standard tobacco is just the stuff to train on, as it relieves the system (by sickness) of much that would otherwise clog it and form flesh.

Standard tobacco may be obtained at most retail tobacconists, but for the convenience of the public we shall publish (*Not in this paper.*—ED.) a list of shops where it may be obtained next week.

H. B. NEWSAM.



MY NOTEBOOK.

DOING DOWN A PAL.

It seems to me that one of the dirtiest things a man can possibly do is to defraud a friend. The ordinary pickpocket or burglar is a respectable person when compared with the man who does down a pal.

In the ordinary way of business, I pride myself upon possessing average shrewdness, and I do not think that I have been very frequently swindled, but I remember one occasion when a friend of mine, of whom I thought all the world, pitched me a cock-and-bull story, and asked me to lend him money.

I do not propose to enter into details regarding the matter, but I may say that the sum I lent him was a large one, and at the time of lending it to him I could ill afford to do so.

I explained that fact to him, but he assured me that it was quite all right, and that his only trouble was that his bankers, in a certain provincial town, had made some mistake as to his telegraphed instructions, but they would send to him next day a very much larger sum than that with which he asked me to accommodate him.

I lent him the money, I lost a friend, and I gained a good deal of experience—I also lost the money.

It turned out that he did not possess a banking account at all, and I subsequently learned that he had done down many others amongst his friends in a similar way. And yet he was a man who was absolutely worshipped in the regiment in which, in those days, we were both troopers.

I remember the very awkward fix in which he placed me at the time, but I wrote the amount off as a bad debt, and forgave him, so far as the money was concerned. The only thing that I have not been able to forgive him for is the fact that the episode hardened my heart a little more.

A LETTER.

These recollections are brought back to my memory by a letter which I have received from a reader. I do not propose to indicate even his initials or the town from which he writes, and I print the letter exactly as I received it.

"Could you tell me," he writes, "what course it is advisable to pursue in the following circumstances:

"Three years ago, on rather slight acquaintance, I lent a man £5. A month later I asked him for it, being rather pressed, in fact very much in need of it. He said that he was very much pressed too, but if I would stand bond for him he would borrow it from a friend of his father's. Ultimately I went with him, and, at his pressing (and, of course, "merely as a matter of form"), I stood bond for him for £20. He paid my £5 out of it.

"I didn't hear anything for twelve months, and then I received intimation that only 10s. had been repaid. I at once got into communication with him, and he pleaded hard times, &c., and promised to do his best.

"I heard nothing further for another six months, when I was called on to make good the outstanding balance. This I am doing at the rate of £1 a month, and am finding it a big drag.

"His father disclaims responsibility, though he is apparently in a good position, as also are two other sons living at home.

"The man is married (just three and a half years), and is working, though I don't know his salary. He has changed his residence four times, and has not made any voluntary attempt to repay or to communicate with his debtor or myself. I have traced him four times, and each time I have received a letter from him promising to do his best.

"Am I also responsible for interest on this £20?

"Of course, sir, I know I've been a damned fool, especially as I have a wife and child of my own, but I should be very thankful for your advice. He has left the last address I had. Again, am I justified in advertising for him, please?"

BORROWING AND LENDING.

I have, of course, already written to this correspondent, giving him the best advice in my power, and I trust that advice may be the means of saving his pocket a little, but the main thing is that, from his experience and my own, there may very well be drawn a lesson.

Shakespeare, the greatest master of the pen that ever lived, once wrote the words: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

He put the matter in a nutshell.

Friendship and finance are different things altogether, and I do not hesitate to say that if a friend tries to borrow money from you, you should, as diplomatically as possible, refuse to lend him anything.

The very fact that he has made the request to you brings him tumbling down on the ladder of friendship. It may pain you to feel that he is no longer the pal he was, but that feeling, uncomfortable as it may be, is better than having the knowledge that he is a deliberate swindler.

I remember once reading a book by "Ouida" called "Under Two Flags." One of the characters was the Hon. Bertie Cecil, who got hopelessly into financial difficulties, but his motto was always "Never borrow money from a friend."

Exaggerated as that character undoubtedly was in many respects, it was, to a certain extent, true to life, and the Hon. Cecil, in spite of all his troubles, retained the esteem of his friends.

A man who uses friendship for financial reasons is not worth having for a friend, and if you come across him, keep your money in your pocket, even though you lose his so-called friendship.

MODERN MAN CLUBS.

I take this opportunity of urging all my readers to do their utmost to support the organisers of the various clubs which are now being established.

Many of the clubs are on a firm footing, thanks to the support that readers have given to them, but the newer clubs need the help of local readers, and I am certain it will be forthcoming.

PARTNERSHIP.

It has been most gratifying to me to observe the steady inflow of money to THE MODERN MAN, Ltd. There are still some shares available, and again I bring this matter to your notice.

My partners and I are working hand-in-hand, and the results have been most satisfactory.

I want to have as many partners as possible, and I should like it to be understood that I welcome not only those who invest large sums, but also those who invest small ones.

Again I print on page 15 an application form for shares, and I beg to remind you of the fact that so long as any of these shares remain, I am presenting one of my own fully-paid £1 Deferred Shares with every pound's worth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares that you may take up.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

FRIENDS EVERYWHERE.

A READER'S COMMENT ON THE "LEAGUE SPIRIT."

It goes without saying that a very large proportion of the readers of THE MODERN MAN are men who live and enjoy a country life. Many of us who are members of the League found this out long ago, and this fact forms, with others, a stronger bond between us.

Even the townsman does not always shed his country memories when he settles down to work in the city. He, too, keeps up the fire of interest in things far beyond reach of the roar of the traffic, where there are no police-men needed to regulate the streams; where, indeed, the only streams are those of Nature's making.

But whether we are Leaguers in town or country, we have the right spirit, as experience has amply shown.

Every man has, or should have—and every League member certainly has—an interest in his locality. It is one of the most precious possessions a man can carry about with him is this love of his own locality.

It tends to make for patriotism of the right sort; patriotism that is not above criticism, perhaps, of what is wrong with "my native land"; but also a patriotism that can on occasion stand up and say "my country—right or wrong."

But the particular brand of patriotism that interests me at the moment is that qualified by the word "local." This is what hundreds of readers are cultivating. What is it? Let me give you an example.

A well-known member of the League with whom I frequently have the good fortune to meet, has very definite ideas as to the spirit of pride in his locality.

It is this man's custom to take a kind of jealous interest in all that pertains to what he calls "my demesne." This, in truth, is a very wide district around his home.

No man who enjoys his friendship ever enters that "demesne" with him without feeling that he has indeed found a guide and philosopher, as well as a generous-hearted companion.

Thus, in meeting such a man one feels that there is indeed a League spirit abroad, and that he is the embodiment of it.

It is this spirit, so admirably expressed in the actions of my friend, that is one of the chief assets of League membership. Each man should, and doubtless does, to the best of his knowledge, means, and resources, endeavour to make his own neighbourhood something like his own estate. It is his pleasure to meet, as it were, all fellow-members at the gates, and while they are in his territory he does his level best to make their sojourn pleasant.

In the coming spring and summer, when the hedge and colours will be seen in every corner of England and elsewhere, there will be almost unlimited scope for the expression of this spirit.

Wherever I go for my Easter or summer holiday I shall be sure that if only I can get in touch with one or two League members of the place or district I shall have a passport to a good time. What better result could I wish for than this?

I shall know that the entire knowledge of the Leaguers will be at my disposal. If I want to fish, why surely some member will know where the trout lie. If I wish for cricket, another will find me a game. If I walk, cycle, or merely potter and enjoy Nature, I know I shall be put into the right road to enjoy each and every one of these occupations; and maybe, I shall also gain a companion of congenial tastes.

This strikes me as by no means a little thing to achieve through the League.

F. C.

FOR STOCK-BREEDERS ONLY.

The small farmer allowed half his cattle to stray upon the railway line. The other one remained on the safe side of the fence.

The wandering cow was run over by a train, and an action for damages was forthwith entered against the railway company.

Nobody had ever thought very much of the small farmer's cattle, but it now appeared from what he said that they were the finest in all the country. He explained that he valued the slaughtered cow at £100, as it had taken him years of careful breeding and crossing to produce such a magnificent beast.

"I venture to think," said the judge who heard the case, "that nothing improves the value of livestock so much as crossing it with a locomotive engine."

ENTHUSIASM.

THE FIRST SPORTSMAN: "I say, old man, I wish you'd play for us to-morrow. We're a man short. I know it's short notice, but you want to see the old club win!"

THE SECOND: "Well, I was going to be married to-morrow, but I can put it off."

CHANGE OF VIEWS.

"This is doing me a world of good," remarked the professor as he watched a spider devouring a fly.

"I'm surprised to hear you say that," said his friend. "You used to be a leading light in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"I used to be," replied the professor, "but since I've been living here in the country I've been kicked by a horse, bitten by a dog, butted in the stomach by a ram, and I've sprained my ankle through being chased by a bull."

And he turned again to watch the spider.

AN ACCIDENT.

Farmer Button walked into the Market Place with one arm in a sling.

"How did it all happen?" a crowd of sympathetic inquirers hastened to ask.

Farmer Button shifted his bandages uneasily, and explained: "Driving home from market t'other night it were terrible dark, and presently I says to the driver: 'Look out, Jim; there be a light comin' down right side, and a light comin' down left side.'

"'Right,' says Jim: 'I'll drive slap in between 'em.' And he just up and did so, and hanged if they warn't both on 'em on to one cart—one on each side!"

VEGETARIANISM.

ITS STRENGTH AND ITS WEAKNESS.

When you learn that a man is a vegetarian, you have a suspicion that he may also be an anti-vivisectionist, an anti-vaccinationist, and the holder of some eccentric political view.

Vegetarianism, being more or less of a novelty, appeals, unfortunately, to cranks of every class, and, in consequence of their connection with the theory, it is apt to be branded by the average man as a useless and stupid fad. In a way it is such, but, on the other hand, there is much to be said for it.

For example, at the present time the majority of physicians advocate a vegetarian diet as a remedy for rheumatism, because, by avoiding flesh food, one removes from the blood the uric acid which is the cause of rheumatic pains.

When a man is advised by his doctor to take up vegetarianism for some such definite reason, he is acting wisely, but if he is in sound health, and adopts vegetarianism either because he considers that gospel a humanitarian one, or because he wants to feed cheaply, he is acting unwisely.

So far as concerns the humanitarian aspect, it may be noted that if we were not flesh-eaters, cattle and sheep would not be bred, and they would never possess that period of life which, presumably, gives them more or less satisfaction. It should also be remembered that the modern method of killing animals for food is instantaneous and practically painless.

As to cheapness, the last thing in connection with which a man should attempt to economise is his food. He must keep his energy at full pressure, no matter whether it costs him much or little.

In the case of the average man, the maximum of energy cannot be obtained by means of a vegetable diet.

The present writer, during the hot weather of last summer, was persuaded by a friend to patronise a vegetarian restaurant for lunch. The service was quick and clear, besides being cheap, and after the warm days had passed I continued to patronise that restaurant. I did not know then that fruit salads and other vegetarian dishes, though excellent for the height of summer, are not suitable for the colder weather, and I wondered why it was that, on returning from lunch, I felt a strong desire to have a nap. Eventually my health became seriously injured, and I consulted a doctor.

One of the things I complained of was the midday heaviness, and he asked me at once what I ate for lunch. When I explained that I went to a vegetarian restaurant, he told me to stop doing so. I followed his advice, and have since taken an ordinary chop or steak for my midday meal, with the result that I have not again been troubled with sleepiness in the afternoon.

It would be absurd to condemn vegetarianism, but it is equally absurd to make it a mono-mania. Undoubtedly most of us would benefit in health by eating more fruit and vegetables than we do, but eating plenty of vegetables is a very different thing from making them your staple food.

G. H. POPE.

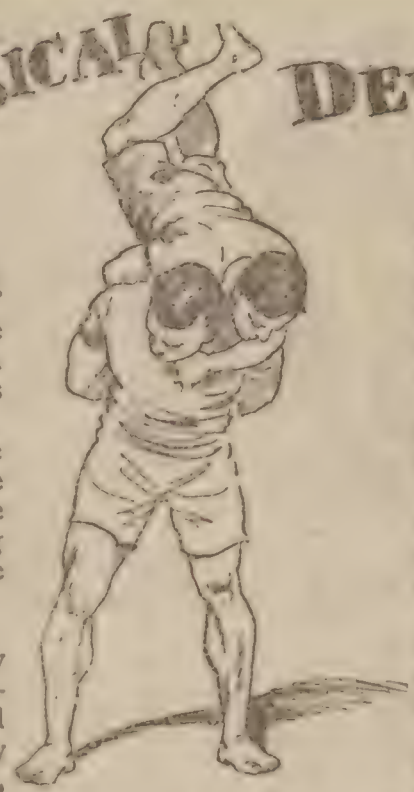
CONJURING.

12 mysterious novelties, complete, 7d., post free. Vandy's new wonder box, 1s. 3d., post free. Catalogue included.

VANDY (M. Dept.), **108, STRAND, LONDON.**

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem London."

Rapid Physical Development



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. Mitchell, M.A.

WHEN A MAN IS STRONGEST.

Probably most people, if they were asked at what hour of the day a man is strongest, would say when he gets up in the morning.

That is the idea fostered by the poets, and perhaps a natural one, since a man might be expected to be at the zenith of his strength when starting fresh on a new day's work after the night's rest.

But it is not true to fact.

Experiments which have recently been made with a scientific instrument which can measure and record the amount of vital force and energy which a man possesses at the moment, show that a man is at his weakest immediately after rising.

It is not till after the midday meal that he reaches his highest point of strength. It gradually increases during the morning, and declines again during the afternoon.

In the early evening the strength increases for a time, but then again declines through the night until it reaches the lowest point in the early morning.

It is probably for this very reason that men sleep soundest just before the dawn, a fact which is always taken into account by military commanders planning night attacks.

They know that they have more chance of effecting a surprise in the hours before dawn, and not only that, but the enemy, when once roused, are less able to deal with the attack than if it had been made earlier in the night.

Also, for this same reason, many more deaths occur in the early hours of the morning than at any other hour of the day or night, since at this time the vitality is lowest and the body cannot put up so good a fight against sickness.

FOR SHOULDERS AND UPPER ARMS.

Stand erect with the arms by the sides, and the hands open.

Draw the body up to the full height, and throw the head well back.

A semaphore exercise.

The exercise consists of four simple movements, between each of which a pause must be made.

First raise the arms to a horizontal position in line with the shoulders, turning the palms of the hands upwards as you do so. Then raise them to the position illustrated, pause a moment, extend them at the sides again, and drop them to the starting position.

Repeat these four movements about a dozen times, making even pauses between each.

The exercise will develop principally the muscles of the upper arms and shoulders, but at the same time it is a fine respiratory exercise, and will do much to develop the chest and open the lungs.

As Territorial readers will have noticed, the exercise has much in common with semaphore signalling, which in itself is an excellent form of physical culture, especially when practised in the open air, although it is not generally regarded as such.

Apart from the interest of the work, therefore, those members of the Territorial corps who join the signalling detachment will have the satisfaction of knowing that the hard work necessary to attain proficiency is amply repaid by the physical benefit.

CYCLING AND BREATHING.

That cycling is a splendid exercise few even of those for whom the sport has no attraction will deny. But it is an exercise for the lower limbs and as a means of developing the leg muscles that it is most commonly regarded.

The lungs, however, will profit from cycling as from few other forms of exercise.

It has been stated, after experiment, that when at rest a man consumes 500 cubic inches of air a minute.

When he rides a bicycle nine miles an hour the consumption of air is more than trebled, being then 1,600 cubic inches a minute.

At a speed of twelve miles an hour, which is by no means an out of the way average pace for the cyclist on pleasure bent, the consumption goes up to 2,300 cubic inches, while at eighteen miles an hour some 3,000 cubic inches are consumed every minute.

That means exercise and cleansing of the lungs that can be attained in few other sports, and it is within reach of every man who possesses a normally strong heart and a bicycle.

FOR SIDE AND LEG MUSCLES.

The starting position for this exercise is with the right hand and the side of the right foot only on the floor. The left hand is on the back of the head, and the left foot resting on the right.

Having made yourself as comfortable as possible in this position, with the right arm exactly perpendicular, raise the left leg as shown in the sketch, keeping both legs stiff and unbent.

This takes some will-power.

Having forced the leg up as far as possible, return it slowly to the starting position, and repeat the movement.

Three times will be quite often enough to do this before reversing the position and repeating the exercise with the left leg.

It is by no means easy to maintain the balance if the legs are raised as high as shown in the sketch, but this will ensure the exercising of the arm and the lower leg.

This is one of the best all-round exercises possible, for every muscle in the arms and legs will be called into play, and the lateral muscles will be greatly developed.

DOES SMOKING STUNT THE GROWTH?

A reader who is eighteen years of age and has reasonable hopes of adding another inch or two to his stature, writes to ask whether smoking before one has passed the growing age is prejudicial to the growth.

My own view—and I think it is backed by the majority of physical culture experts and doctors, who are not cranks—is that smoking in moderation will not do the faintest harm.

I know that I personally grew some two and a a half inches after I had begun smoking, but I do not suppose that I smoked more than two or three cigarettes or pipes a day, and often I went for days without either.

Heavy smoking, on the other hand, undoubtedly does stunt the growth, especially cigarette-smoking, and in any case I do not think it is wise to start smoking until one is past the age of seventeen.

THE ENDLESS SEARCH.

PLEASURES THAT END IN WEARINESS.

How many thousands of men are self-condemned to wander through life seeking pleasure and finding—weariness?

To be weary, bored, fed-up, or sick to death, is the one thing that most men dread; yet it is one of the most frequent conditions in which many men find themselves.

The pursuit of pleasure, not merely the pursuit of a certain sort of gratification which gives satiety to the senses, but the hunt for a state of mind in which the puzzles of life are solved, or at least in which they do not cry out for solution and demand our thought, is a pursuit in which most of us engage.

But the majority of men will strike out in search of pleasure on much worn tracks, heedless of the warnings of travellers who have returned, or of those silent warnings from those who have not returned.

Every man in this case must be his own hunter. He will listen to no travellers' tales, for they are second-hand. What happened to one man will not, they argue, happen to another.

But a man in health, with the [illegible] strength and youth upon him, and with [illegible] appetites of body and mind, wants above all things to know, to do, to see, to attempt, and maybe, to accomplish.

He has not lived long before he wants to know something about women. They are to him a sealed book, and he needs must seek pleasure in their society.

But he will find no lasting pleasure here, unless he chances to meet the one woman without whom he cannot live. Life is too composite an affair to give him all he wants from one of its many sources of delight. There are other tracks that the life and strength within him long to follow.

And he leaves the soft life among his womenfolk and takes to harder courses. He has found weariness among them and turns away.

He goes a-travelling, and faces privation and death for months at a time, as he penetrates unknown lands. The thrill of the explorer is his for a time.

It is the same spirit of adventure that sent him among women, and its end is the same. He will find no contentment in his travels. While the earth's wild places remain he will have hope, but no attainment.

After many days he returns. He has found in his wanderings many and strange things, but not what he sought.

And then he turns, perhaps to more conventional tracks. He works hard, business absorbs his mind, and, once fairly into the mart, he for a time enjoys its battle. But business gives him the option of enjoying many other things.

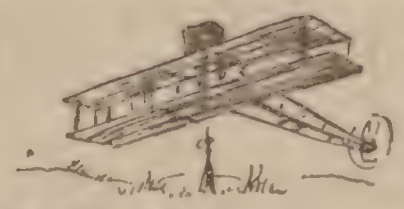
With money he can seek honours, [illegible] titles, social eminence. If all should come to him, and he still remain a man of vigorous mind, full of strength and manliness, he will find no pleasure in them. Perhaps he will return to work to find pleasure or to help him to still the demands of his nature. Work is a great anæsthetic.

And when he has tried many things and tasted life at many of her abundant springs, he begins to grow wise, whereas before he was only strong and confident. In his wisdom he says "man cannot live by bread alone," and for the word bread he substitutes all the things that he has done.

He comes to the conclusion that life is a many-sided affair, that scraps of pleasure are in all its aspects and that excess means weariness. And by this time he has become a good sort and easy to live with.

M. B. Mainwaring.

SPEED'S HYPNOTIC POWER.



A LURE THAT MAN FINDS IRRESISTIBLE.

Though mankind is civilised out of all recognition compared with the creature of instinct that he must have been in remote antiquity, he is still the victim of certain strange influences that no amount of mind, intellect, or training seems to affect. And one of these is speed.

I would say that speed is one of the subtlest and most insidious things that man can call to his aid to drug him. No mere draught or poison of the chemist's concoction can come so near to stealing away a man's reason as this strange and subtle hypnotising power of speed. It is doubly dangerous because of its way of getting hold of a man. It gives him no sense of insecurity; or if it does, this even adds to his pleasure and his sense of luxury.

Speed steals away a man's reason without telling him be aware of it.

STRONGER THAN ALCOHOL.

It may be said that much wine will do the same for him and at less trouble. Sit still and drink enough and you will think you are in a state of absolute power. The earth is rosy, you are ready to embrace all mankind, and troubles sink back, giving place to a glorious optimism that cannot surely be illusion.

Such is one phase of the hypnotism of alcoholic poisoning.

The hypnotism of speed is most strongly exercised, say the airmen, when they are high up above the earth. The engine is drubbing round regularly, smoothly, easily, the propeller is casting the air behind it at a furious rate, and with outstretching planes the flimsy new creation goes shooting through the air.

Faster, faster, never fast enough, say the airmen. They have lost all sense of danger—lost it completely in some subtler, still more elemental, thrill.

UP ALOFT.

With eyes fixed on the distant horizon the airman, though keeping his head, keeps it only to increase his speed; to intensify that mastering lust for still swifter motion. It is like some elemental nerve-thrill that, once begun, must run its course until for the time the senses are exhausted.

But there is no need to seek the upper air in a flying machine before one can fall a victim to the hypnotic power of sheer speed.

The motor-car has placed the power within the reach of thousands. To hear the regular hum of the engine, to hear the wind shrieking in the ears, to be conscious of the wayside trees flitting past in a frantic procession—this is one example of the willingness of man to give himself up to mere speed. It is the mind leaping ahead of the body and the body, even in the swiftest race, labouring after the mind.

The same power is at work when you get on the bicycle and pedal away. The steeper the hill the more thrilling the experience. Though a stone might make life into death in three seconds, you drive forward, the very ground seeming to fall away below your wheels. As the wind roars in your ears, as your hair is whisked back from your forehead, as you catch your breath in the rush, a shout of exultation escapes you, and the end of the hill brings back the tame work of pedalling. For a few delirious seconds you are drunk with the spirit of speed.

BEHIND A HORSE.

Even in the comparatively slow motion of a horse and trap there is some indication of this power of speed. With fascination you watch the road running out behind in streaks, and the hedges retreating in broken and narrowing lines.

The same sense of complete abandonment to speed is felt in the express. Sitting in a corner you revel in the swing of the carriage as the curves are taken. The lines that lead to and from those on which your train is running seem to rush from beneath you in a flash. You are tearing a way through a maze of points any one of which, if three inches or less out of its place would wreck the train.

IN THE EXPRESS.

But you think only of its speed, and try to test the rate by the flying objects on the side of the track. When you dash through a station the sudden roar gives a further touch of mad delight to your progress, and a shrieking whistle makes the heart beat with indescribable sharpness.

Nothing, in fact, is so enviable, you think, as terrific speed, and to attain it and live excitedly through it, you are ready to risk everything. This, indeed, is the insidious side of the craze. Speed casts out fear and highest speeds give a sense of security that is not justified. When you reach the pace that kills, you have lost all fear of death.

J. E. SMITH.

THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I enclose herewith the sum of £ , being payment in full for 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2s. each in the above Company.

I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name upon the register of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

I make this application on the understanding that I shall receive, free of all cost, one fully paid £1 Deferred Share for each ten 2s. 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares allotted to me.

Name in full.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....

Profession or Occupation .....

Usual Signature.....

Date.....1911.

All applications should be addressed to the Secretary, THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., 19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

ALONG THE MEADOW STREAM

WHERE SPRING IS FOREMOST WITH HER SIGNS.

Spring makes its appearance in some places earlier than others, and the evidences of its coming are many and varied. Probably there is no sensation so dear to the heart of an Englishman as that of the undoubted return of another spring, the beginning of a whole year of enjoyment and open-air life.

The appearances of the new season are at first intermittent. There is no fixed date for its arrival, and often the signs are here one day and are gone the next, leaving winter in undisputed possession.

The occasional day of still air, when only a slight movement of wind from some warm quarter is blowing, and when the sky is illuminated with a stronger, clearer, more vital brightness than the winter months have known, is the best of all days for the Nature-lover.

A SHELTERED SPOT.

He can share with all wild creatures the confidence that the worst is over—whether in reality it is or not—and for a lengthening afternoon he can revel in sensations to which he has been a stranger for many months.

Seeking for the most sheltered ground on such a day as this, in early March, I found it by the side of a little stream. Hereabouts, in the wide deep weald between two ranges of hills, is an open but low-lying plain. It is famous for its covers and the multitude of its pheasants.

It is, therefore, secluded, sparsely populated, and consists of wide level fields well hedged, and on every hand there are the dark shadows of woodlands.

Here, too, is the little stream, the early reaches of what, thirty or forty miles away, becomes quite a respectably large river, for England.

THE MAKING OF A RIVER.

This stream is typical of hundreds in the land, but still preserves a character of its own. In a plain that is almost level every slight inequality of surface affects the water's course, and as a result the meadow stream winds about with many twists and turns, almost "looping the loop" and making a complete circle here and there.

Nowhere hereabouts does it touch a town, but it keeps to the open plain, always with the well-hedged meadows on either hand.

A lane from the high road leads out towards an isolated farm, but half-way along there stands on either side a green and ancient parapet marking a bridge and a tunnel, perhaps twenty feet long, through which a big dog might run without inconvenience, but no bigger than that. The stones are old and fern-covered, and the roadway is dilapidated, for there are few people passing this way to call attention to its condition.

THE OLD BRIDGE.

Many years ago some body, fulfilling in its old-fashioned way the duties of the modern County Council, put up a notice about the bridge.

"This bridge" it began, "is insufficient to carry—" and the legend, now rusted away and almost unreadable, goes on to say that those who take such lumbering weights as threshing machines over it must do so at their own risk. Our countryside is plentifully supplied with these "insufficient" bridges.

But it is only once or twice a year that even threshing engines come this way.

At the side of this bridge the hedge is low, and a long-legged walker can step over it. Let him be careful, however, to get a firm foothold on the field side, for the bank is steep and there is a soft silt at the bottom,

over which the water runs only in winter or after heavy rain.

Once over the hedge and the rambler is in paradise. There are ten miles of meandering stream to follow.

THE SPORT OF BROOK-JUMPING.

At times the banks are bare, and offer splendid practice for jumping. It is great sport, with a companion with the competitive spirit in him, to jump the cavernous opening in which the stream runs. The gap is often as much as ten feet wide, and again closes down to as little as five feet. Between these two extremes are all sorts of widths, and ample opportunity for graduated jumping.

Turn and turn about with a kindred-spirited companion I have jumped against him. The level field offers a good run, but at the edge of the stream the turf is deceptive.

Taking off from some point that seems safe, we have often found ourselves floundering in eight inches of water, having been cheated by the soft edge. Then there has been fun.

But the stream is mostly well wooded on either bank, and then jumping is impossible, and other interests claim our attention.

With the afternoon sun streaming across the fields and bringing out the brown and purple and blacker hues of the thick spinney wood on the streamside; with its genial warmth making itself felt on our shoulders as we walk; and with innumerable evidences of a coming spring, there is pleasure in plenty along the winding waterway.

A LEAFY TUNNEL.

In summer the bushes meet above the water, and one can then go on stepping-stones up the bed of the stream, completely hidden in a green and cool tunnel by the leaves above.

To-day all is thinned out, for no leaves have yet appeared. Only the hazel's "lambs' tails" hang from the trees. But there is the feeling and appearance of change in the air and in the look of things.

Buds are fattening. There is the jingle of the tom-tits' spring notes away in the oak trees of the woods; there is the skulking moorhen, hurrying in at our approach, from feeding in the field, to hide in the water-washed stumps of the bushes till we have passed; there is the quiet pipe of the bullfinches, keeping always a little ahead of us; and there is also the quiet wash of the little stream, falling from level to level and gurgling under clusters of dead leaves.

THE FIRST OF TWILIGHT.

Even so early in the year there is a suggestion of summer twilight. It is not now merely day and night in swift alternation, as during the darker months, but for an hour after the direct sunlight has faded the sky is not that of the night. A quiet lull falls briefly on the landscape, and night falls over the fields with a less ruthless suddenness and severity.

After leading us through open fields for a few miles the stream again passes under an "insufficient bridge," and here we leave it; not much farther from home than when we started, for our route has been a winding one. Night overtakes us on the road, but while the daylight lasted it was the light of an awakening year, the light of Spring.

C. EASTON-GREY.

LEAGUE COLOURS.

THE MODERN MAN League tie can be obtained from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Holborn, London, W.C., at the following prices, post free:—

Open-ended Oxford ties ..... 2s. 5½d.
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Silk mufflers are also now obtainable, price 4s. 6d.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin.....	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin.....	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
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9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

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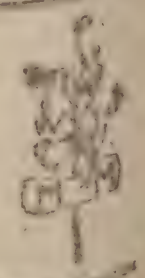

BARMAIDS.

A DEFENCE AND A FEW CRITICISMS.

Mention barmaids to the—no, I won't say to the average man—but to a certain type of man, and he will smirk and look knowing, or rather he will try to, for his efforts in that direction usually make him look more like a congenital idiot than ever.

Give the bounder the least encouragement and he will proceed to "entertain" you with tales of his conquests among the ladies of the bar. These are almost invariably condemned lies.

Barmaids, as a matter of fact and experience, are a very straight class of girl.

I do not pretend that barmaids are more moral by nature than other girls, but let us look at the common-sense of the matter.

A barmaid works, on an average, fourteen hours a day, many of them even longer.

True, she gets a daily "rest" of two hours, but is it reasonable to suppose that she spends this time gallivanting round with some admirer? It is far more probable that, tired and weary, she goes to lie down in her room.

True again, she usually gets a weekly half-holiday and a monthly whole holiday; but, to put it bluntly, the barmaid gets precious little opportunity of running off the rails.

Moreover, barmaids are for the most part sensible, and fairly well-educated girls. They have got to be, at least in decent bars, or the customers won't stand them. A girl of that sort is not likely to make a fool of herself over a callow idiot—for it is mostly very young alleged "men about town" who try to play Faust to the barmaid's Marguerite.

Of course, barmaids often talk rather freely, and pretend to be of easy virtue, but it is usually all pretence.

Some of them, of course, are wrong 'uns who entrap youngsters into marriage, but the majority are good girls.

As a youngster, I remember I fell deeply and honestly in love with a barmaid, and wanted to marry her, and at that time I was worth marrying. She refused me, although she did me the honour of admitting that she liked me. She pointed out that I was younger than she by some years, that probably my passion would not last, and that it would mean trouble with my people.

Afterwards, she married a successful commercial traveller, and to-day she is one of my best friends.

On another occasion, a barmaid, whom I had never seen before, warned me against a sharper who had got into conversation with me, and my experience is that barmaids are exceedingly good-hearted girls.

Their brightness, good humour, and attentiveness are little short of amazing, considering their long hours, the constant strain, and their generally poor wages, for not many of them get more than a middle-class domestic servant.

Certainly there are "rotters" among them. Now and then you come across the barmaid who seems to regard the fact of your wanting a drink in the light of a personal insult.

There is the too familiar barmaid who addresses any and every customer as "dear." This is intolerable. It ought to be made a ground for defamation of character.

The other day I took a man, a solid elderly person, with whom I had important business, into a bar for a drink. I had never been in the place before, and I'll take devilish good care I never go into it again, for the barmaid sailed up to me and said, "What can I get you, dear?"

I told my man it was my first visit to the place, but I am sure he disbelieved me, and went away with the impression that I was a frequenter of the place and a particular pal of the lady, neither of which ideas was calculated to dispose him favourably towards me.

C. F. KNOWLES.

MAKING YOURSELF HEARD

THE IMPORTANCE OF ELOCUTION.

A learned judge remarked the other day, after vainly struggling to make a witness speak intelligibly, that although vast sums were spent annually on education, it seemed that a majority of the people were never taught to speak their own language.

Certainly it is not until we are well advanced in years that many of us learn the correct pronunciation of the less common words, and is it to be wondered at that children are often bewildered by the slovenly, slurring pronunciation of their elders?

There was probably ample justification for the little boy who, having had the ten Commandments read to him, said, "Mother, what are the 'tindemies'?"

After much cross-questioning, it was discovered that he thought they were some sort of animal. But it was his mother's elocution that was at fault, when she read—"heaven and earth, the sea and all *that in them is*."

NOT A MATTER OF NOISE.

When a man has occasion to do any public speaking, or even to speak over the telephone, clear enunciation is of the utmost importance.

Making yourself heard is not merely a matter of shouting; often the louder you shout the less distinct you become. It is a matter of elocution, which has been reduced to a science, which the professional actor or public speaker must study.

The most important points, however, are to pronounce all consonants and to move the lower jaw in pronouncing vowels. If the mouth is never opened more than a certain amount there will be no difference between the vowel sounds to a listener some distance away.

Over the telephone, or when speaking in public, the consonants should be exaggerated. You will hear the telephone-girl repeat after you the number you ask for in a way that sounds as if she was making fun of you, but she knows the mistakes that are most commonly made, and her th-r-r-ree—o—ni-ne may save you from being put on to 205.

It is also most necessary to pitch your voice suitably. Many a public speaker with a small voice can fill a large hall or cathedral by choosing the right register and "carrying note" for the building.

THE END OF THE SENTENCE.

Above all it is important that the voice should not be dropped at the end of the sentence, as an Englishman (unlike the Continental nations) has a tendency to do in ordinary conversation.

To counteract this it is advisable to raise the voice as much as possible at the end of a sentence.

A Welshman does this naturally, and so does an Italian. It is these little differences of intonation rather than those of pronunciation that constitute the Englishman's real difficulty in speaking a foreign language.

Many men are difficult to understand, especially over the telephone owing to a peculiar and incorrect pronunciation and accent.

If you do not pronounce a word in the normal manner, or put the accent on the wrong syllable, the other man may be forgiven if he does not grasp what you are trying to say.

S. M. METFORD.

CAMERA BLACKMAIL.

The snapshot photographer who goes about seeking what he may devour, with a view to publication in the Press, is often an ill-bred nuisance. But sometimes he develops into a social pest, for the camera is not infrequently used nowadays for blackmailing purposes.

Men and women are "snapped" in more or less compromising, though perhaps innocent, situations, followed home, and afterwards invited to buy up the negatives at an exorbitant figure. The best thing to do is to cram the camera down the blackmailer's throat, but this is not always possible, and weak men have paid large sums to these blackmailing fiends.

It is said that the camera cannot lie, but that is just what it can do, and by skilful manipulation the photographic blackmailer will convert a perfectly innocent situation into a highly compromising one.

It is safe to say, however, that it is never good policy to pay a blackmailer, whether of the photographic or any other species, a cent.

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Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of how the above sums were made.

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WORK.

If there is a man who does not occasionally envy other men their jobs and wish that he had chosen any other means of earning his living than the particular one he did choose—well, I have yet to meet him.

If I did meet such a man, I should treat him with extreme caution and be very wary of any business dealings with him, for he would be something more than human.

But though occasional discontent is natural to every man, there are some who carry it to extremes, and who throw up good positions for no good reason because they think they will get a better time in some other profession.

In nine cases out of ten they find that there is very little to choose, and that the supposed advantages of the new job are counterbalanced by disadvantages which do not appear on the surface.

It was probably only by experience that the causes of discontent with the old job were discovered. At the beginning, no doubt, the prospect seemed as rosy as that they are now contemplating.

Before you envy a man his job, remember that that man is envying someone else—possibly you.

The responsible manager for whose position the clerk would give anything sometimes wishes that he were once more a clerk with half the salary, but less than half the worry and anxiety and the wear and tear on body and mind.

I should be the last to discourage ambition, but it must be remembered that money is not everything, and before you resign a post to take one that brings in a few more shillings a week, it must be seriously considered whether in the end you would not be better off if you stayed where you are.

There is commonly supposed to be a sort of eternal warfare between employer and employee, but a little more "give and take," a little more consideration between them, would put an end to this.

The employee is apt to think of the employer as a being who draws a big salary and does very little work, although as a matter of fact there are many employers who draw, when all expenses are paid, practically no more than some of their employees.

The employer, on the other hand, sees his staff shutting down their desks at the appointed hour and going home free of all business cares, and thinks of the work that will occupy him far into the night. Is it to be wondered at if he envies them?

But he must remember that even if his present earnings are not much greater for his position in life than theirs, he is working for his own hand. He has more at stake than they, and he stands to win more.

There are compensations in every job. The bus-driver or the cabman has to work long hours for a comparatively small wage, but his is an easy-going outdoor life, and he at least has peace of mind.

R. A. Macnaughten.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —Editor.)

HOME RAILS.

Money is easier, as was generally expected, and this has considerably assisted the further rise in Home Rails.

The movement in this market has been a very genuine one, and prices have every appearance of continuing on the up-grade for some time to come.

Of course there will be the usual little setbacks, as the speculative commitments get heavy; but the operator who pays for his stock need not worry about reactions, as he is pretty sure to obtain a few points profit on his purchase sooner or later.

Caledonian Deferred at 25½ seem to me to be a good speculative purchase for a rise of a few points.

Brighton "A" are also talked much higher on reports of the electrification of the complete road.

OIL.

There is not much doing in this market, but prices are firm and the price of the liquid is rising, and, as there is no prospect of the supply exceeding the demand, the oil-producing industry is on a very sound and promising basis. Holders of shares in oil companies may consequently await the coming improvement of prices without the slightest uneasiness.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. D. (Skewen).—Have tried to reach you by post, but letter was returned. The company you mention is not quoted in any of the usual books of reference. Without knowing anything for or against, I should advise you to deal with a larger and better known company.

W. H. M. (Briton Ferry).—See reply to "E. D."

H. C. (Abertillery).—There is practically no market in the shares at present. Write to the secretary of the company and ask if he can put you on to a private buyer.

"ENQUIRER" (Cork).—The depression noticed in the rubber market lately appears to be passing away, and, with higher prices for the raw article, more business in, and better quotations for, the shares may reasonably be expected.

X. L. (Exeter).—Nos. 1, 2, 4, and 7 are good to hold. 5 I should average. Sell the remainder.

C. V. (Cardiff).—Hold both lots of oil shares, you will see better prices soon.

L. P. (Norwich).—I should advise your securing the profit on the mines. Very few speculators can show such a record.

"HERD" (Glasgow).—I consider the market for sound rubber companies intrinsically good, and as your list appears to contain a very good selection I advise you to sit tight. If convenient average No. 8.

The Financial Editor.

BUSINESS AND FRIENDSHIP.

HOW FAR ARE THEY COMPATIBLE?

We have heard a lot of late about the danger of friendship in business. It is said to stand in the way of profit. It is also accused of being out of place where every man is, metaphorically, at his neighbour's throat; and where the closest ties of kin and affection must sometimes be disregarded, if a man would do the best for himself and those dependent on him.

Judging from what one sees in big cities, however, and in places where the stress of competition might be expected to reach its acutest form and to assume its most ruthless aspect and expression, there is still friendship even among business men.

Nor is it only the sort of friendship which is akin to the honour which is alleged to exist among thieves. This kind is but a veneer that is used by people who are frequently in contact, in order to facilitate the business in which each is most deeply interested.

It is the oil that makes the business wheels run smoothly, and as such it is a valuable compromise between the acknowledgment of open hostility and the pretence of sincere regard.

There can be no doubt—and business men will bear me out—that, except in exceptional cases, it is preferable to see too little than too much of a man with whom one is always doing business.

For business is a "ticklish" affair, and the man who thoughtlessly chums up with a business rival, growing more and more intimate, may be doing an unwise thing, however pleasant the friendship.

Such a relationship may go on satisfactorily for a long time, but there may—it is almost certain that there will—come a time when the imperative demands of business bring one of the two men up against a very awkward and trying problem.

It may be that he has to do a stroke of business which cuts at the very success of his friend.

If he tells his friend what is in the wind he may jeopardise his own chance of making his coup and securing his profit. The thing has to be done, as it were, behind his friend's back.

Had the two remained merely civil business acquaintances there would have been no possible ground of objection, for such a stroke as one of the two friends is contemplating is an everyday matter in an ordinary business life.

But it must not be supposed that business and real friendship are entirely incompatible. It depends upon the character of the friends, and just as much upon the grounds upon which their friendship is founded.

Indeed some of the closest friendships exist between the keenest business rivals.

S. T. Young.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Scorn of Selby

By

ADAM STERN.

Richard Selby looked at the card which the clerk had just brought in, and then glanced with a sensation of a smile at his friend Graill, who was working at another desk in the office.

"Graill," he said; "Ever had the pleasure of meeting a real live countess?"

"Not that I know of," said Graill, with a casually lifted head.

"There's one outside now."

"Who is she?"

"The Countess of Melford." He consulted the card again. "President," he went on, reading from the small block-type capitals in the bottom left-hand corner, "of the L.A.F.L.C.T. Now what the deuce is the meaning of L.A.F.L.C.T.?"

"Give it up," said Graill.

"So do I," said Richard. He turned round to the clerk. "Ask her her business," he said.

"There are three of them waiting, sir. Two ladies and a gentleman."

"Well, ask them all their business."

"Aristocrats on the cadge, I expect," he concluded, as he went on with his work.

"I expect so," said Graill.

But a moment later the clerk returned with a message refuting this most obvious supposition. The lady could better explain her business in person, but it was in no way connected with a charitable organisation.

"Very well, let them come in," said Richard, and he rose as the visitors entered, bowing slightly, and allowing his abstracted gaze to rest first on the elegant woman whose wrinkles were artistically subdued but not successfully hidden, and who advanced with a rustling of skirts and a smile which graciously overlooked the disparity in their stations—though only for the time being; and then on the angular, hard-eyed, unsmiling lady in black who accompanied her; and lastly on the thin, sloping-shouldered, narrow-chested young man, with the arched nose and receding chin, who brought up the rear, carrying his silk hat before him in one hand, and stroking the back of his sleek fair hair with the other.

The procession made an odd picture in the unpretentious office, and an odd contrast with the dark, strong-framed young chain-master, who stood awaiting them with a sort of cool courtesy and an air plainly indicative that he had little time to waste.

"How do you do?" said the Countess, swimming forward with gloved hand extended, and a trace of gush which Richard inwardly resented. He pressed unresponsive fingers.

She formally introduced her companions.

"Mrs. Vassilcourt—who is a most ardent supporter of the Movement." The angular lady in black shook hands with the determination of one performing a necessary duty. "Mr. Cuthbert Ball—my nephew." Richard cut short his murmured conventionality with a grip that made him wince.

"Now," began the Countess, with a renewed smile, "I am sure you will forgive our intrusion when you learn the object of our visit."

"Won't you sit down?" interrupted Richard. "Graill, fetch another chair; will you?"

He resumed his own seat, leaving the Honourable Cuthbert Ball standing.

"Yes?" said Richard.

"The League we represent——"

"The League," put in Mrs. Vassilcourt firmly, "for the Abolition of Female Labour in the Chain Trade."

"—— has decided that before embodying our proposals in a Bill which is to be introduced into Parliament, it would strengthen our hands enormously if we paid a personal visit to the scene of the—a—place where the chain is made, and saw for ourselves the—a—conditions——"

"The abominable conditions," said Mrs. Vassilcourt.

"—— of the women who make the chain, and how they are treated by their——"

"Oppressors."

"—— by their *employers*," the Countess corrected with the stress of a favourable impression.

"I see," said Richard, whose countenance was perfectly grave. "You want first-hand information?"

"The truth from the lips of the sufferers," said Mrs. Vassilcourt, with thin-lipped intensity.

"Why do you come to me then—an employer?"

"We have heard," said the Countess, "of your noble fight for the women's increased wage-rate some time ago; and it persuaded us to think that you would lend your support to the Movement, and aid us in our endeavour to remove a crying evil——"

"A national scandal," said Mrs. Vassilcourt.

"—— which for many years has been a source of indignation to all humanitarians—the employment of women at a trade which is only fit for men. It is said that the women work for fourteen hours a day, wielding heavy hammers, neglecting their children, who are left to take care of themselves, and, if they are too young to go to school, play about in the mud and refuse at their mother's feet, while she is toiling at the forge."

"Insufficiently clothed," added Mrs. Vassilcourt.

"The children?" inquired Richard, innocently.

"No, the Women, Mr. Selby. They——"

"We need not go into that," said the Countess hurriedly.

"Yes, my dear Emily, we *must* go into it. They wear nothing but a blouse; I have had it on unimpeachable authority."

Graill was crossing to his desk, having just brought in the chair, and he looked twinklingly at Richard. But Richard was immensely serious.

He answered: "In the summer that is true. But then, they get rather hot, you know."

The Honourable Cuthbert Ball coughed as he sat down. "I have heard," he put in, "that the men work naked from the waist upwards."

"My *dear*!" said the Countess sharply.

"So would you," said Richard, with an appraising eye which seemed to see the feeble body beneath the clothes. "But let us keep to the point," he went on, taking charge of the conversation. "Your object, you say, is to abolish female labour in the trade altogether? That is rather a big proposition, and one that will take some carrying through."

"We are prepared for heroic sacrifices," said Mrs. Vassilcourt.

"Just so," said Richard. "Then the first thing to do, it seems to me, is to find out whether the women want the reform themselves."

"That is immaterial," said Mrs. Vassilcourt. "They have probably become so crushed and dispirited by their long endurance of sweating and oppression that they are incapable of choosing what is best for their own good."

"Then you intend to benefit them against their will, if necessary."

"We do."

"What is to become of them after?"

"They will remain at home, attending to their domestic duties and the upbringing of their children; or they will accept lighter employment in another trade."

"You have thought of everything," said Richard, with grave admiration.

"We have endeavoured to," said Mrs. Vassilcourt.

"Even the trade where there'll be room for them, and for which they'll be equipped?"

He was smiling.

"That, I admit, is a difficulty. But we shall overcome it at the proper time."

"Good intentions work wonders," said Richard; and the Countess perceived at last that there was an edge to his pleasantry.

"May I ask you, Mr. Selby," she inquired sweetly, "whether you are at all in favour of our Movement and its aim?"

"You can hardly expect me to be," replied Richard; "considering that I employ a number of women myself."

"Ah," said Mrs. Vassilcourt, darting an accusing finger; "then you admit it would be a disadvantage to employ men to do the same work?"

"I haven't admitted it," said Richard—literally the truth that it sounded like an evasion.

"But you *do*. You imply that women will work for a lower wage. Now why should women not be paid the same wage as men when they do the same work? Tell me that, Mr. Selby. Tell me that!"

"Can't," said Richard.

Mrs. Vassilcourt turned triumphantly to the Countess. They surveyed each other in the light of this glaring revelation. Then——

"Make a note of that, Cuthbert," said the former lady grimly.

"And while you're at it," added Richard, as the Honourable Cuthbert complied; "just down that women don't do the same work as men; that's why they're not paid the same."

The Countess perceptibly stiffened. "I think Mr. Selby is intending to be facetious," she said.

"I am trying to be explicit," said Richard mildly.

"Why don't they do the same?" demanded Mrs. Vassilcourt, returning to the attack.

"Because they can't," said Richard.

"Why can't they?"

"The work is too heavy for them."

"But men would do the women's work, you allowed them to?"

"Well?"

"And you would have to pay them more."

"I should pay them the same rate," said Richard.

Both the ladies looked fogged.

"Piece-work," explained Richard gently.

"Oh! Then you mean——"

"That a man making the sizes of chain that a woman is accustomed to make would turn out more finished material in equal time, and therefore earn a proportionately higher wage. Is that clear?"

"Not altogether," said the Countess vaguely.

"It is the odious theory that man is superior to woman," put in Mrs. Vassilcourt cuttingly. "Possibly a theory that has some foundation in fact where considerations of coarse labour are concerned. The point is whether Mr. Selby agrees with us in believing that chain-making is a degrading occupation for women. If he does, we can ask for his advice and support. If he does not, we shall continue our propaganda without him."

They turned as one woman towards Richard.

"Do you?" asked Mrs. Vassilcourt, firmly.

"*Do* you?" entreated the Countess, with an air of if-only-for-my-sake.

He looked from one face to the other, in a slow, rather contemptuous way. They did not perceive the contempt. It was too far beyond their egotistic comprehensions to conceive that a mere plebeian would have the audacity to despise them.

"I recommend you," he said gently, "to go and put the question to the women themselves. They are the principal persons to be studied."

"But you have not given us *your* opinion;" complained the Countess, archly.

"No," said Richard, as he rose to his feet, "I have not given you my opinion."

Outside the Countess observed to Mrs. Vassilcourt:

"What an extraordinary man, my dear. Didn't you think so?"

"I disliked him," said Mrs. Vassilcourt distinctly. The man is not a gentleman."

"Yes, but——" replied the Countess dreamily. "Did you remark—but I suppose you didn't—how splendidly his head is set—what a fine throat he has?"

* * * * * * *

Richard was present, by special invitation, at the open-air meeting held by the L.A.F.L.C.T. in the market-square of Moulden about a month afterwards. He had, in fact, consented to make a brief speech.

The gathering was large, for the movement, such as it was, had attracted public attention: and the extemporised platform was crowded with men and women, exceedingly affluent and well-dressed, who looked out upon the sea of watching faces with an air of affectionate interest and expressions of benignant approval. Several of the clergy were among the speakers, and Mrs. Vassilcourt had worked her supporters into a state bordering on enthusiasm.

Then Richard stepped forward, the last of all to speak, and the roar of welcome which greeted him brought a queer, unwonted light to the Countess of Melford's eyes.

"I sha'n't keep you two minutes," said Richard, his voice reaching to the farthest extremity of the crowd. "I'm only going to insult one or two people in a friendly way, and then ask you to assist at a funeral. The parsons have been cracking up this scheme, because it's in line with the sentimental ideals which appeal so strongly to people who sit by the fireside with full stomachs and lament the existence of hard work in the world. But the one conspicuous shortcoming of every person behind me on this platform is that they don't know you—*and I do*.

"They asked me to come and talk to you, and said I could say what I like. They thought I was with them, though I've never said a syllable to lead 'em to suppose it. Well, I'm now going to surprise them a little.

"'I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.' I call this proposition of theirs the most crack-brained nonsense that was ever put soberly before sensible men and women.

"Who are they, I should like to know, that they should shepherd you and advise you? They come down from London, the pioneers of this movement, full of unctuous self-righteousness and hungry for notoriety. And you women, who have lived hard, rigorous lives and fought for all you've got, which is precious little, but, by Heaven, worth having!—you, I say, are the pitied of those you pity. What do you think of them, e—h?"

They answered him in no uncertain voice.

"What do you want of them—you who are to be sent home like cattle to a pen? You who work! You who have husbands and fathers and sons in a trade which these pretty-fingered people deem too degrading for you! What should you do if you stayed at home? Your housework would be done in two bangs of a hammer, and thereafter you'd have nothing to do but cackle at your cottage-doors and imitate the vices of *their* idleness. I want your answer. What do you think of them? What do you want of them?"

A hand clutched his sleeve, but he shook it off and laughed—the deep full-blooded laugh of conscious power.

"Don't lose your heads," continued Richard. "I'll be done in a minute. We're going to be kind to them. We're not angry. We're only a little impatient. We don't like to be interfered with. Our chief failing is that we like to be *left alone*. Isn't that it?

"Isn't that the word? *Leave us alone* Quit. Get out!

"I thought so. . . .

"Now, qui-et. Quiet. Let 'em pass. Make way for the exodus——"

As the platform emptied, the Countess of Melford caught Richard's shoulder, pulled him round, and pantingly said something.

It was her address in London.

He forgot it a minute later.

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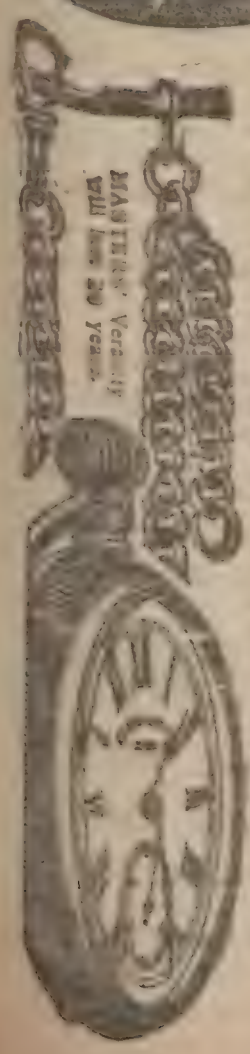

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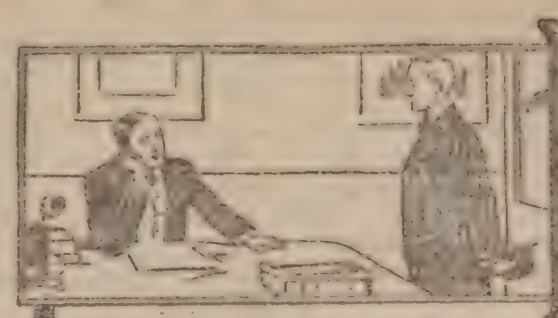

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The Outer Man.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE BOWLER WITH RIDING KIT.

"Is it correct to wear a bowler with breeches and leggings?" is a question I have been asked more than once.

The answer is that it all depends on the bowler.

Nothing looks more out of place with riding kit, whether you are mounted or not, than a bowler of the City type with a broad curly brim and a high crown.

But in spite of this the bowler is the correct "full-dress" headgear for riding, for the silk hat is now rarely seen except in the hunting field.

It is best avoided, however, by the man who rides in the country, for it is by no means as comfortable as a cap, and is far more difficult to keep on.

Even in the Row the cloth cap has made its appearance, although the bowler is the still correct thing in such fashionable resorts.

A bowler of any sort, however, looks very much out of place with breeches and leggings if the latter are obviously not intended for riding in.

If he is not actually on horseback, or has not obviously been riding or intending to do so, the only possible headgear for a man who wears breeches and leggings for his own comfort is a cloth hat or cap.

CITY SOCKS.

The other day I observed in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar a respectable-looking gentleman who was probably a solicitor or a barrister and who was clad in the uniform of the legal profession—a black tail-coat and silk hat.

But he was wearing socks of a purple hue that positively hurt the eyes, and he was wearing shoes presumably in order that he might show more of them.

Socks of a vivid colour would look out of place with any black suit, but with a morning coat they seem even more so

To my mind black or navy blue socks, with clocks, if preferred, are most suitable in such circumstances, but failing these any subdued colour, preferably grey, will look well.

Bright-coloured socks and cashmere trousers do not seem to agree.

NORFOLK COATS.

Few names in the world of tailoring are taken so much in vain as that of the Norfolk coat.

The essential point of that garment is that it should have pleats both at the front and back and a belt round the waist.

The object of the pleats was to give freedom of movement, and of the belt to keep the front of coat from flapping about and getting in the way, without making it necessary to button it.

In short, the Norfolk coat was essentially one for the sportsman.

A few years ago the trade realised that the coat was deserving of a wider popularity than it then enjoyed, so it was used as a basis for various developments, and "Semi-Norfolks," "Yoked Norfolks," "Half-belted-Norfolks," and so on, made their appearance.

In many of these the pleats were done away with. Previously many tailors had made coats which *looked* like the real thing, but had only dummy pleats sewn on outside. Such pleats became merely useless ornaments, for they could not open and give the freedom that the sportsman required.

The additional length of the up-to-date lounge coat also had something to do with the disappearance of the pleats, for they do not look well with the long skirt that is now worn.

Genuine pleats at the shoulders are now often made inside the coat, so as not to show when the arms are at rest.

Such a coat is no doubt quite as practical and quite as smart as the old-fashioned Norfolk, but it should be remembered that it has no real right to the title.

SOFT-FRONTED DRESS-SHIRTS.

Yet another reader writes to ask me whether it is correct to wear a soft-fronted shirt with an evening dress coat.

This is a much-debated point to which I have referred before and on which in default of any very definite ruling I can only give my own views.

At any really full-dress function—a dinner-party or an at home, for instance—a soft-fronted shirt would certainly be out of place.

The one occasion on which, in my opinion, a soft-fronted or pleated shirt can be worn with a dress coat—a tail coat that is—is at a dance.

Here the freedom of the soft shirt means a great addition to one's comfort, and if you are an energetic dancer, the probability is that even if you wear a stiff-fronted shirt, it will assume a rather battered appearance before the end of the evening.

There are, no doubt, those who would say that even at a dance a soft-fronted shirt is incorrect, but my own view is that even if this is so, it is one of those occasions when strict correctness may give place to comfort. If you are well-dressed in other respects, there is not much fear of your being criticised, for it will be obvious that you have avoided the stiff, uncomfortable, "boiled shirt" for your own convenience and not because you "don't know any better."

When wearing a dinner-jacket you can, of course, please yourself, for a dinner-jacket, or a "Tuxedo" as our American cousins call it, is an essentially informal garment, which is rarely suitable, except in the home circle, when ladies are present.

A FOOTLESS STOCKING.

The town-dweller does not often have occasion to wear stockings, unless he happens to be a golfer or a cyclist, and prefers this style of leg-covering. But a pair or two of stockings probably find a place in most men's wardrobes, for use on holidays, if at no other time.

A new pair of stockings is a comparatively expensive item, and the length of their life depends mainly on how long the heels and toes hold out, for the amount of wear on the leg part is next to nothing. If a man is going for a rough-and-tumble cross-country ramble, he wears puttees or leggings.

A most useful expedient, therefore, is the semi-footless stocking. Probably most of my readers have never seen such a thing, but it can be obtained from the big athletic outfitters, and, no doubt, from many enterprising hosiers in a smaller way of business.

It consists of a stocking without heel or toe, and can be worn over any pair of socks.

The part of the stocking which is covered by the shoe is made of thin elastic webbing, which fits closely to the foot and causes no inconvenience in walking. It fits under the arch of the foot and so keeps the stocking in place, but is cut away at the heel and toe, so that all the real wear comes on the socks underneath, which are more easily and cheaply renewed.

The original cost is about the same as that of an ordinary pair of stockings, but the footless stocking will last practically for ever.

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Usually the first parts of a linen shirt to give way are the buttonholes, and often the first of all is that at the back of the collar-band.

The most fastidious and wealthy person would hardly throw away a shirt because one buttonhole had become torn or enlarged.

The trouble is, however, that you rarely spot a detail of this sort until you have actually put the shirt on in the morning. If you see it in time it is simple to take another shirt and get this one repaired.

But if you have got the damaged one actually on, the simplest plan is to take a bit of cardboard—a piece cut off a visiting card will do—cut a slit in it and put the stud through. The stud is thus provided with a false back which cannot work its way through the enlarged buttonhole, but which will lie flat to the collar-band and cause no discomfort.

Often the damage to the buttonhole could have been avoided in the first instance if a collar-stud with a sufficiently large back had been used.

The stud with a small back, in its devilish endeavours to work its way free of the buttonhole, contrives to tear it in a way that a larger one, lying sedately in its place, could not have done.

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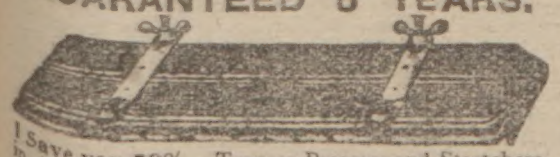

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A SKETCH.

Only a 'bus driver! but you can take it that he's seen a thing or two from his perch and has chatted with much familiarity with many a notable person in his journeys, too numerous and frequent for pleasure, from East to West and back again.

He looks at life too through lenses of his own manufacture, not altogether in keeping with canonical notions either.

An old dog? Well, something in that way if you like. He has an eye for a pretty face and a neat ankle. He is just a man, if he does sit a bit higher up in the world than most, and he can appreciate a good horse, though the cattle he drives are by no means flyers and the pace he drives at is not the pace that kills.

He is a dandy too in his way. Look at his button-hole. Look at the tilt at which he wears his hat which is no longer as black as it once was.

Regard the smile on his red, jovial face—the same sort of smile that Lord Tomnoddy wears as he tools his spanking team down to Hurlingham.

The 'bus driver can turn a pretty compliment too on occasion; for instance, when a fare of the fragile sex sits just behind him and asks him silly questions in a most bewitching way. Not by any means a novice in the art of gallantry is the 'bus driver.

He is not a bad husband or father all the same, but a true Englishman in his affection for home, even though it be but a poor little place and his time spent there a very brief one, for the hours are terribly long and the pay none too big.

"A few more years and there won't be no blooming hosses and no 'bus drivers," a malevolent glance at a motor 'bus gave a point to the speech. "Damn them things, say I."

And from behind him came a fervent "Amen."

"Hosses are slower did ye say, sir? Maybe—but ye can depend on a hoss till he drops—I'm sticking to the hosses as long as there's a 'bus left to hitch 'em to, and when there ain't, I hopes as how I'll be buried in the last horse-drawn hearse."

Ah! Well, the 'bus driver is doomed to go—and with him the last connecting link with the coaching days vanishes.

A sportsman, however, with a sense of humour, he gets some little fun out of what he calls "chipping" the drivers of the petrol-driven machines, which have a knack of breaking down in crowded thoroughfares.

Speaking of sport, he generally has "a bit on" takes an interest in fistic matters, and usually knows something about dogs.

Looking at him with his old dogskin gloves handling those reins, or making masonic signs with that ribbon-bedecked whip of his, it is hard to imagine him taking to any other mode of travel.

A kind-hearted chap, it is his boast that he never ran over a kid or knocked down a woman—again a glance at a motor points his word.

"Some folk hold there's a better world than this. Guv'nor, if there is, let's hope it'll be where the hosses will get their own again."

CHARLES WATSON.

BOXING REFEREES.

SHOULD THEY GO INTO THE RING?

Should the boxing referee go into the ring with the men, or keep to his stool or chair by the ring-side?

It is not a question on which you will find any general agreement among sportsmen who follow boxing, and the practice of referees themselves differs greatly.

Mr. Eugene Corri, for example, goes into the ring, I was going to say on the slightest provocation, but that might sound like a reflection on a splendid sportsman, and one of the finest referees ever known.

Anyway, the end of the first round usually sees Mr. Corri taking off his coat, preparatory to stepping agilely through the ropes.

Mr. Bettinson, on the other hand, usually sticks to his seat, and, of course, what he doesn't know about boxing would not be worth knowing.

It is argued on the one side that if the referee does not go into the ring he is often unable to see just what the men are doing, and that a foul boxer takes advantage of this fact.

It is true that, if the men are end on to the referee, foul blows may be struck almost with impunity, particularly by the man who has his back to the referee. In a clinch he can punish his opponent heavily and unfairly over the kidneys, and it is impossible for the seated referee to see what he is doing.

The kidney punch, of course, is not illegal, but it is often delivered unfairly with the side of the wrist, and, with the men end-on to him, the seated referee can rarely detect this.

Then it is said that if the men persist in clinching it is necessary for the referee to go into the ring in order to part them, but I don't agree with this view.

If a man refuses to break at the referee's word of command, he should be cautioned for the first offence, and disqualified for the second.

There is far too much clinching and holding in modern boxing, and the presence of the referee in the ring tends rather to encourage it than otherwise, for the men hold on to each other till forcibly parted.

Then it is difficult to see how the referee in the ring can fully concentrate his attention on the men, for a good part of the time he has to be thinking of his own safety and dodging round lest he get in the men's way or stop a blow meant for an opponent.

When the men are sideways to the referee, the man at the ringside is certainly in a better position to judge points than the man in the ring, for the latter is on a level with the men and must look downwards to follow body blows, whereas the referee at the ringside is like a man in a stall at a theatre, and can follow every movement of the "players" without turning his head or shifting his eyes, except sideways.

Certainly at a recent big contest the referee missed a clear case of throwing simply because he was in the ring, and busy getting out of the way of the men, who were "mixing it" all over the ring.

E. H. HILL.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

THREE P.C.'s (Durham County Constabulary).—Many thanks for kind wishes. If you had favoured us with your names we should have been happy to write to you direct.

J. W. C. (Dublin).—Always remove your pipe or cigarette from your mouth when you meet a woman, whether you know her or not.

T. N. E. (Moseley).—The Secretary of the Birmingham MODERN MAN Club is Mr. W. R. Searle, 67, Edmund Road, Adderley Park, Birmingham.

C. B. (Birmingham) disputes the statement made by a paragraphist in a recent issue of this paper, and denies the assertion that Birmingham people "seem to have," to quote the paragraphist, "a strange liking for knickerbockers and stockings." But where is the harm even if they have?

Q. P. (Bury) wants to become a vanman. He has some knowledge of horses and a strong desire for an outdoor life. He had better apply to all the local firms employing vanmen. Meanwhile we are keeping his letter, and shall at once put him into communication with any employer who may be interested in this paragraph.

F. F. (Dumfries).—Don't leave your progress to the care of other people. Every man wants a better job, but it is only the men who hustle wisely who get it.

W. S. T. (Bristol).—The Secretary of the Bristol MODERN MAN Club is Mr. E. Blackburn, 40, Robertson Road, Eastville, Bristol.

A. G. S. (Durham).—Captain Saunders will deal with the matter.

J. T. (Sleaford).—The best way to break in a new pair of boots is to walk in them. Get them to fit you at the outset, and wear them only occasionally at first. When they have become thoroughly adapted to your feet, they will be fit for a long walking tour, but not sooner.

F. W. (Leeds).—Our printers have settled the question amicably with their employees.

R. A. BOULTON, 154, Shakespeare Crescent, Manor Park, Essex, wishes to correspond with readers in Australia.

W. H. R. (Newcastle).—If you desire individual tuition in physical culture the best man is Mr. T. Inch.

W. D. (Gosport) says the King's Royal Rifle Corps has the finest fighting record. We are glad he holds that belief, because he belongs to the regiment in question. To every good soldier the honour of his regiment is as sacred as the honour of his sweetheart, even though other men may prefer other regiments and other girls.

J. S. (London).—Please forward the documents you mention and any letters you may have in connection with this matter. We should also be glad if other shareholders in the Amalgamated Pictorials, Ltd., would communicate with us.

D. S. (Birmingham).—The perfect pencil has not yet been invented. The soft ones, which are the easiest to write with, lose their points very soon, and the hard ones are of no use for quick work. If, as you think, you have solved the difficulty, there is probably a modest fortune awaiting you.

G. L. (Darlington).—It is not a sign of foppery for a man to wear a wristlet watch. Such watches are handy in many sports, and they are also useful to the business man who wants to know the time without allowing his visitor to see that he is consulting his watch.

P. W. (Stonehaven).—Don't be misled. London is the centre of British commerce, but you won't make money here unless you are prepared to work very hard. We don't know of any place where big screws and light work go hand in hand.

M. G. (Manchester), **C. C.** (Leeds), **H. H.** (Hull), **E. K.** (Leyton), **G. F.** (Monkseaton), **H. W.** (Cotes Heath), **R. G.** (Dunston-on-Tyne), **W. Y. P.** (Chipping Norton), **T. S.** (Putney), **L. T.** (Glasgow), **E. F. M.** (Bournemouth), **R. N.** (Worthing), **H. T.** (Wigan), **J. McN.** (Manchester), **E. S. I.** (Derby).—Our best thanks to you.

MORE MEMBERS.

We print below another instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their addresses recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page.*

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